THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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QUOD AVERTAT DEUS.*

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY LUCERN ELLIOTT.

What if the prattling tongue,
Where querys manifold and weirdly quaint,
Unseen, untrammeled by precise restraint,
Like pearls are thickly strung,
Were still, and answered not my anxious call,
Coined no more chatter, wearying me, and all
The crude attempts to sing
Or read in mimicing;
The sweet endearments that have tired the ear
Stirred not the silent air for me to hear?

What if the busy hands
Working their untaught mischief all day long,
With zest that forms no line 'twixt right and wrong,
And even aid demand,
Had ceased their work, and were forever pressed,
Like twin wax figures o'er a pulseless breast
Ever to lay so still,
Never again to thrill
With soft caressing of the dainty palm,
Healing all wounds with tenderest of balm?

What if the pattering feet,
Whose ceaseless marches hidden treasures find,
Marked no more journeyings where earth's fetters bind,
Had left the fading shores with us behind,
And touched the golden street
Unsoiled by dust we older mortals bear,
The soul untainted by our earthly care,
With Priest nor Saintly prayer
The spirit to prepare,
And while we bow to kiss the chastening rod
He climbs the Immortal Hills before his God?

The grave demands no care,
Silence and Death reign there.
But oh the void that fills the empty room,
And hangs the house in drapery of gloom,
When tiny hands and feet,
And infant graces sweet,
That form the watchings for our weary eyes,
Then with new learning make such glad surprise:
The wealth of fond embrace,
The pure unstudied grace,
All from our presence glide,
Upon the mystic tide—
A cherub lost from Heaven's bright domain,
Then with sweet loving lost to us again.

* Which God avert.

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER XIX.

Snow-flakes do not fall for ever. Sometime or other busy Mother Carey must take a little rest, and then the sun peeps out again, for he has been hidden by the showers of feathers that have been falling from the clouds. But though he shines brightly, his rays have not very much power, for a hard frost has set in, and the white dazzling snow lies on the ground undisturbed.

Doris was restless and uneasy; she could not shake off the impression that her dream had left upon her mind. In vain she tried to laugh off her feelings as absurd. How could one so well disposed to the Lynn children as she was, be likely to do them any injury? She felt if she could only meet the Gresford Lynns face to face once more, that the feeling would pass away. So she hailed the bright frosty day as a means of bringing about the opportunity of seeing them.

Aunt Lotty's ideas were flowing in a similar channel.

"I should think, Joyce, that the little Lynns would be sure to go to see the river now it is frozen over. I think after what Mr. Carmichael said, that it would be well to take some notice of those children. I should like to speak to them myself, but Mr. Carmichael would not approve of that at present."

And Aunt Lotty gave a little sigh, and felt something as near envy at the superior good fortune of Joyce and Doris as it was in her gentle nature to do.

So Joyce and Doris wandered down to the river, and shaped their course along its windings even as far as the boundary of Lynncourt.

And there they heard children's voices, and saw Mr. Lynn and his two boys coming towards them.

Mr. Lynn was very pale, and he looked more thoughtful than usual, though at all times he had a grave serious expression. Still he looked graver than ever now, and the sweet smile seldom played upon his features.

And to-day his thoughts had been straying far away into the past, and had called up old times and painful memories. The late death had brought back another death to his remembrance; and yet "brought back" scarcely conveys the impression, since that other death was ever present, and had tinctured his life and cankered his joys, and had so blended all other objects with its memory, that each event seemed in some inexplicable way connected with it. Therefore the late death had renewed the former one, and had brought back his first grief in all its intensity.

And now it stood out in all its horror before him,—a death he had not seen—a death no hand had soothed—a death where wild waves had swept over a stately vessel, and a fair-faced corpse, with a little babe in its arms, had found a grave deep down beneath the raging waters.

Drowned!—drowned!

The cry had sounded in his ears for many and many a year, and to-day it sounded clearer than ever; and his imagination pictured the dismantled ship tossed helplessly upon the surging sea, whilst high above the roaring of the waves rose the despairing shriek of frantic human beings crying for—"Help!—help!"

And no help came.

No help! The fair-faced woman, clasping the little child to her breast, gurgled in her death-agony for help! But no help came.

The cruel waters roared, and heaved, and foamed; the ship went down, the billows broke over her, and there was no trace left of her. The storm howled a requiem over the souls that had gone to their last account, and then, sobbing and sighing over its own wild passion, fell asleep, and the sun shone out.

It was over eighteen years ago.

Oh, that *she* had never set sail in that vessel! Oh, that *she* had waited yet a little longer.

Drowned!—drowned!

Would he never be deaf to that cry? It mingled with every other sound he heard, and even now was mingling with merry childish voices calling on him amidst their play.

He was recalled from his vision by the children who, tired of heaping up the soft white snow, besought their father to take them down to see the frozen river.

"The snow lies too deep in the fields," said Mr. Lynn.

"But Robert has swept a path for us," pleaded the elder boy.

And so they went.

And so they met with Joyce and Doris.

But now that the opportunity had come, Joyce and Doris felt loth to take advantage of it, for they recollected that this was the first time they had seen Mr. Lynn since his wife's death. They would have turned aside, but Mr. Lynn had seen them, and was advancing towards them. There was evidently no recollection of the fact upon his mind, or if there were, it did not strike him painfully. Possibly he was too much preoccupied in his musings for any fresh thought to affect him.

He spoke to them mechanically, and scarcely seemed to hear their answers.

After a little while Doris stole off with the children, but Joyce remained standing by his side; for, though he did not speak, when she was moving away, he said,

"Miss Dormer, do not go; I wish to speak to you"

So Joyce waited; but still Mr. Lynn's speech was not forthcoming.

She stood wondering what Mr. Lynn wished to say, whether it was about Doris, or the children, or about Mrs. Lynn's death; but whatever it was, Mr. Lynn either was in no hurry, or else he did not know how to begin his subject.

In the meantime Doris and the children, warm with exercise and tired of making snowballs, had paused to rest.

Doris, seating herself on a log of wood, had taken the younger boy on her lap.

Suddenly he threw his arms around her. "I want my mamma," he said; "where is my mamma?"

"Hush, Ernie, hush! mamma is dead; she will never come again."

"But I want to see her," wailed the child; "O mamma! mamma!"

Doris turned to the elder boy. "Does Ernie grieve much?" she whispered.

"No," he replied; "only sometimes; and then if nurse shows him playthings or pictures, he forgets."

"And do you forget, Archie?"

The boy shook his head sorrowfully. "No, never; and papa doesn't."

Doris wondered what she could do to divert the little one's thoughts.

"Here, Ernie," she said; "you shall have my watch to look at."

The child was all attention in a moment, but unfortunately Doris had left the watch at home.

"Is this a watch?" asked Ernie, touching the locket that hung round her neck.

"No," she replied; then, after a slight hesitation, she unfastened it. "Ernie, this is a picture of my mamma."

The child looked eagerly at it. "I have a picture of my mamma at home."

"Where is your mamma?" asked Archie, gently.

"I have no mamma now, Archie, she is dead, like yours."

"And your papa?"

"He is dead too, Archie."

"Then you have no one; I am sorry for you," said he.

The younger boy had jumped down, and was now hurrying towards his father with the locket in his hand.

Mr. Lynn was still deep in his reverie, and appeared to have forgotten that Joyce was standing near him, or that he had anything to say to her; and she was just on the point of slipping away and joining Doris, when the child came running up.

"Papa, papa, look; it is *her* mamma," and he pointed to Doris.

"Yes," answered Mr. Lynn, without noticing the locket that the boy held out.

"But, look, look," persisted the child, thrusting it into his father's hand.

Mr. Lynn, to satisfy him, looked down at the locket.

"Yes, Ernie, yes—" But, as his eye fell upon it, he started. Surely he had seen that locket somewhere before. Was he awake? What had happened? There seemed a mist before his eyes as he gazed upon it, and noted its old-fashioned shape and workmanship. He touched the spring, and the lid flew open, and disclosed the portrait of a fair-faced woman. With a loud cry, he sprang past the astonished child, and seizing Doris by the arm,

"Who are you?" he cried; "whose portrait is this?"

"My mother's."

"Ellen Carmichael! for heaven's sake, tell me, is it Ellen Carmichael—" and he gazed at her wildly.

"My mother's name was Ellen," said Doris, half frightened at his vehemence.

"But, my Ellen! my Ellen! tell me, girl, was *my* Ellen your mother? Can the sea give up its dead? Girl! girl! what do you know of my Ellen?"

And then more calmly, still grasping Doris's hands, for fear that she might escape him, he asked—

"Who was your mother?"

"Ellen Carmichael."

"When did she die?"

"Six months ago."

"And your father?"

"He died in Australia."

Mr. Lynn groaned.

"O God! O God! can this be true?"

He turned to Joyce, whose ideas were gradually sorting themselves from the confusion into which they had lately been thrown; and though far from the truth, she saw at once that there was some mysterious connection between Mr. Lynn and the Carmichael family.

"Miss Dormer, can you tell me anything? Who is this girl? Is that her mother; or is this some cruel scheme of Hugh Carmichael's?"

"I do not know, Mr. Lynn. What is it you wish to know? I believe this to be the portrait of Mr. Carmichael's sister, who was supposed to be drowned at sea."

Mr. Lynn staggered back, and but for the tree against which he had been leaning, would have fallen to the ground.

CHAPTER XX.

Two hours later Mr. Carmichael sat in his study awaiting a guest,—a guest whom, till within the last six months, he had never expected to see beneath the roof of Green Oake.

It is difficult to say what were Mr. Carmichael's exact feelings; now he rubbed his hands softly, and a gleam of triumph lighted up his eyes, and now an anxious expression would cross his brow, and his lips would become compressed.

Of what was he thinking?—Not of the years that had passed since he had left Australia, but of the time preceding them.

A quick ring at the door-bell.

Aunt Lotty, listening in the drawing-room, held her breath.

She knew it was Mr. Gresford Lynn coming to see Mr. Carmichael on important business, but she knew nothing further. A cloud of mist and dust hovered around her, and she saw nothing clearly.

Doris was half-kneeling at Aunt Lotty's feet, resting her head on her lap. She was crying bitterly, though she scarce knew why; but a sense of impending trouble to the Lynn family, of which she was somehow the cause, pressed heavily upon her.

Joyce sat very still, trying to sew, but her brain was busier than her fingers, and the piece of work fell from her hands; so she leaned her head back, shut her eyes, and tried to piece together the thoughts and events of the last few weeks.

Somehow the servants knew that business of importance was going on,—servants always do know everything; and there was an air of solemnity in the manner in which the man opened the door for Mr. Gresford Lynn, and ushered him into his master's study.

Mr. Carmichael rose, but he did not put out his hand, though he was not rubbing his hands now, they were folded behind him. He bowed stiffly to Mr. Lynn, and the two men gazed at each other as though each were suspicious of the other, and each unwilling to make the first move.

Mr. Carmichael, quiet and composed, yet with the nervous twitch ever and anon working at the corners of his mouth; Mr. Lynn, trembling with emotion, eager and yet too agitated to frame his questioning into audible words. Both were silent. Mr. Carmichael pointed his visitor to a seat. Mr. Lynn sat down and then rose up again, and leaned against the mantelpiece.

"You desire to ask for some information, Mr. Lynn?" said Mr. Carmichael, and a gleam came into his eyes and passed away in a sneering smile upon his thin lips.

But Mr. Lynn did not see it, he was looking down upon the ground, his hands were clasped convulsively, and his lips were trying to frame a word, but no sound came. Again and again he endeavored to command his voice, and at length with a mighty effort one word burst forth, so sharp and clear in its imploring tone that even Mr. Carmichael was startled.

"Ellen!"

It died away, and there was no answer. And again the anguished lips moved.

"My wife!"

Then came a response in a cold voice.

"Your wife?"

"My wife, my long lost wife!" exclaimed Mr. Lynn. "If you have the heart of a man, tell me what of my wife?"

"*Your* wife, *my* sister, Ellen Carmichael?"

"My wife!"

"Sit down, Mr. Lynn," said Mr. Carmichael, calmly; "we have a long business in hand."

Mr. Lynn threw himself into the chair and leaned eagerly forward.

"I find," began Mr. Carmichael, "by the parish register in the village of Hillfield, county—" here Mr. Carmichael was interrupted,

"What need—"

"Pardon me," said Mr. Carmichael, "I am a business man, and must proceed in order. In this register I find in the year 18—, just twenty years ago, the entry of the marriage of John Gresford and Ellen Carmichael. Why this marriage was kept secret at the time I am not able to say, perhaps you can inform me?"

"It was only to be for a time."

Mr. Carmichael went on,

"The witness to this marriage was Henry Bargrave, and after the marriage you went to Australia. My sister followed in the next vessel with Henry Bargrave and his wife, ostensibly as governess to a great-niece of Mrs. Bargrave's. Am I right?"

Mr. Lynn bowed.

"I had quarrelled with my sister, and had determined never to speak to her again, therefore her movements were nothing to me, and it is not surprising that I was not made acquainted with them. She was free to go where she pleased, and I did not know that she had left England, until I saw in a paper an account of the loss of the Albatross. It was stated that with the exception of a few of the crew saved in the long-boat, all on board had perished. Amongst the names in the list of passengers, I read that of Ellen Carmichael. Of your death, or rather your supposed death, I should say, I had heard previously, and then I left Australia, and until lately have had no communication with any one there."

Mr. Lynn had been sitting compelling himself to listen until Mr. Carmichael had finished speaking. Now he said in a subdued voice,

"And you never knew that your sister was my wife?"

"Never until six months ago."

Mr. Lynn started to his feet.

"And how, how did you know then?"

"My sister told me on her death-bed. Ellen Carmichael did not perish at sea."

"Oh God! not drowned! not drowned! but living through those long, long years!"

Mr. Lynn clutched Mr. Carmichael by the shoulder; fiercely he looked into his face; fixedly as though he would read his inmost soul.

"Hugh Carmichael, is this true?"

"As I live, it is true."

Mr. Lynn dropped into his chair and closed his eyes.

"Go on," he groaned; "in mercy, go on, and tell me all there is to hear."

"Your wife and child were saved. They had been put into a boat with some other passengers by the captain, and were picked up by a Spanish vessel, bound for Lisbon, where they were landed, and from thence made their way to England. My sister did not go up into the north to the old place, but found a home in the south, where she lived, and where she died."

"How long have you known that she was living?"

"Seven years; but never of her marriage until on her death-bed she disclosed the secret. It could do no harm then, she said."

"And I was never told."

"Why should you be? You came here a rich man, with a beautiful wife and children, and what matter was it to you that the sister of the man you scorned, and who was thought to be drowned eighteen years ago, was getting her living by lace-making in an obscure village in Devonshire?"

"I never scorned you, Hugh Carmichael," said Mr. Lynn, sadly; "and if you had ever any ground for believing so, you are amply revenged to-day."

Yes, Mr. Carmichael was revenged; he felt it; he had triumphed over the man whom he had hated all his life. In that point of view he was certainly tasting of the sweets of revenge. Yet bitter, so bitter, that the sweet would not sweeten it, came the thought that he had been far more sinning than sinned against.

Ah! if people could only believe it, it is much better to be the injured party. If the wound be sharp and severe at first, it leaves no fretting sore behind. Time, the great healer, comes and fans it with his wing, and soothes the irritation, pouring in balm and oil till all is well again. It is easier far, and happier, to forgive than to need forgiveness.

Of course, these thoughts found no place in Mr. Carmichael's speculations. True, he had a vague idea that he should be glad to find some instance wherein he, and not Mr. Lynn, had been the injured person; but memory signally failed him in this respect. Wherefore he had to content himself with gloating over his present triumph, such as it was.

"You saw my wife on her death-bed, Hugh Carmichael," said Mr. Lynn, in a low, agitated voice.

"Yes."

"Did she leave no message, no remembrance?"

"None. She knew of your marriage—of your children; and she begged me to take care of Doris."

"No message; not one word?"

"None."

Again Mr. Lynn groaned.

"It is a satisfaction to me that my sister, though dead, can yet be righted by the justice you can do her child. Will you do this justice?"

Mr. Lynn looked wonderingly at Mr. Carmichael, as though he did not see the drift of his speech.

"Will you do justice to her child?" repeated Mr. Carmichael.

"Her child! *My* child! Good heavens! what do you take me for? My child; my Ellen's child; what should I not do for her? Where is she? Let me have my child!"

"Your eldest child, remember," said Mr. Carmichael, emphatically; "I claim the estate of Lynncourt for my niece Doris Gresford."

But Mr. Lynn heeded not his words; there was but one thought in his heart, his new-found daughter.

Strange that his heart should have so yearned towards her, surely some mysterious influence had been at work drawing them together, bringing the daughter of his first wife to watch by the last wife's deathbed. Strange that they both should have clung to her in their last solemn hours, as though the one had sent a messenger of peace to hush the other to her wake'ess sleep, that so in death they might be linked together, and leave a daughter overshadowed by their love, a precious treasure for him to love for their united sakes. Oh, Doris! Doris!

"Take me to Doris," he said.

And Mr. Carmichael led the way to the drawing-room, where Doris still sat leaning her head upon Aunt Lotty's lap. She had left off crying, but her eyes were heavy and swollen.

As Mr. Lynn and Mr. Carmichael entered the room she sprang up.

"What is it?" she asked, for in the faces of the two men she read that some strange revelation was at hand.

"Your mother was supposed to have been drowned at sea," said Mr. Carmichael.

"Doris, my daughter! Ellen Carmichael was my wife."

But Doris did not speak, she gave one wild cry and fell senseless into Mr. Lynn's arms.

CHAPTER XXI.

FROM JOYCE DORMER'S DIARY.

This is what my story has arrived at. Who would have expected such an issue? It is scarcely like real life—more like a romance; yet is not life a romance? Nevertheless, this seems to me an exaggeration. Should I in my wildest speculations have ever dreamed that Mr. Lynn and Mr. Carmichael could be brothers-in-law, and that Doris was Mr. Lynn's daughter.

I cannot make out life; it is past understanding—a jumble of curious chapters written down in the book of destiny that man must spell out letter by letter for himself, and make sense of as he goes along. Chapters with wild weird sentences in them, incomprehensible almost, as we stammer through them, but fitting deftly in when the final chapter comes. Oh! never without that "Finis" can the book be properly read.

Or is it not so definitively arranged? Is it not, rather, a succession of loose sheets, thrown into a giant printing-press, which men crowd round, struggling for the impressions as they come to hand; each seizing and making his own that which is nearest to him, longing for that beyond his grasp, and blotting and blurring that which he possesses in his mad efforts to reach the unattainable? Or, again, may there not be blank books in which he may write down for himself, and create as he goes along, the story of his life?

How is it?

I pause and think, and then I see Doris tossed like a spray of sea-weed on the mighty ocean, severed from the parent root, and lost for many a day; yet drawn by strange affinities, still floating along in safe waters, and reuniting with the parent branch.

I cannot understand! What use, if we no drift along, to raise a hand to steer our course? If life is so prepared—if it is so marked out, so pencilled that we have nothing more to do than just fill up the sketch, why toil?—why struggle? The sketch; ay, is that it? the outline? Stay, what is a picture, till the lights and shades come in? Work on—toil on, life-painter; do thy painting with a masterly hand. An infinitesimal number of fine strokes, of broad shadows, of patient touches, are needful to bring the picture to perfection. And this is thy work; the sketch alone is traced out for thee; the working-out is all thy own; the finished picture thy free work; can I so understand it? Ah, no; this is but my own explanation of a problem that cannot be solved.

Of this only am I satisfied, that there is nothing too wild, too wonderful, too incredible to happen; yet we are unbelievers, and with the Wonder age, increases the age of Incredulity.

Take the world as it is, with all its marvels, and does one find that faith is on the increase? Nay, faith has rather run into machinery—into mere mechanism, carrying out the practical, until the world runs upon its world-made wheels and faith is over-ridden. Yet is faith needful more and more, since only by faith the light shall come. Oh, weary, weary world, what dark clouds hover over thee!

So I, Joyce Dormer, write, having fallen into a reverie, and seeing all things, as bits of jagged glass and odds and ends in a kaleidoscope, from a heterogeneous heap framing themselves into ghastly patterns.

Mr. Lynn, Mr. Withers, Mr. Carmichael, Doris, have all leaped up into their respective niches; and the up-building of my story, strange as it seemed at first to me, is growing more satisfactory.

It is not so with Doris; the effect the revelation has had upon her perplexes me. She is distressed beyond measure, and completely unstrung. After she recovered from her fainting fit, she seemed stupified, and has been lying in a state of lethargy all day.

She roused herself up this afternoon, and we talked the matter over.

"Joyce," she said, "do you believe in Uncle Carmichael?"

I had many times told her I did not; but I repeated it, as it seemed to afford her satisfaction.

"I believe him to be capable of doing anything to accomplish his own ends," she said.

"But, Doris," I answered, "in this case I do not see what end he has to accomplish. It is natural he should wish his sister's marriage to be acknowledged, and her child to have a share of her father's love."

"But I had never missed it—never wanted it; why could not he let the past lie buried in the grave? why need he raise the stone, and let the dead past come back to life? It would have been happier, far happier for Mr. Lynn to have believed my mother drowned long, long ago, than to know that she has lived and yet been dead to him; to have been comparatively near, and yet so far off. Joyce, it must be torture!—madness to him to think of it. How he must hate Uncle Carmichael! One word from him would have brought them together for one last look; they would have spoken once more to each other before her lips were sealed for ever."

"But Mr. Carmichael did not know till she was on her death-bed that his sister was Mr. Lynn's wife. Doris, I believe that everything is ordered wisely. Look back and answer, would it have been for his happiness to have known it then?"

Doris hid her face.

"O, Joyce, I am so glad that Mrs. Lynn is dead."

So was I, though the thought had not struck me before.

"I shall never be happy again," moaned Doris. "Why was I born to bring so much misery upon those I would not harm?"

"Misery, Doris!" I exclaimed, "happiness. You did not see Mr. Lynn as I did, or you would have no fears. Think what it will be to him to have a daughter who can soothe his heart, and tell him all he so much longs to know of the life of her who has never left his thoughts throughout his lifetime—a daughter who has closed the eyes of the two dearest on earth to him. Doris, there is happiness, there is peace for you."

But Doris was not comforted.

"And this is what Uncle Carmichael has been hinting at," sobbed she; "I am the eldest child, and shall rob poor Archie of his fortune, it is tied down upon the eldest child, my uncle says. My dream has come to pass. Joyce, Joyce, you said you would be my friend in time of need: what shall I do?"

I told her that she needlessly fretted herself, that Mr. Lynn would hold her guiltless of inflicting any injury, that he would willingly give up the property to her.

"But, Archie, Archie, I will never touch a shilling of that property, it shall all be his. Why did I ever come to Green Oake? O, mother, mother! would that I were lying in the grave beside you. Little did you think of the sorrow your child would work when you had gone."

Doris is very strange, she has no desire to see Mr. Lynn: she says she is not well enough, that she must have time to think, to believe in what has happened. She will not believe it until Mr. Carmichael proves it by documents. What fancy has she got into her head? As if there were anything to doubt!

Mr. Carmichael goes softly about the house rubbing his hands gently, and drawing his mouth into an imitation of a benevolent smile. He congratulates himself upon his niece being heiress to so excellent a property as Lynncourt. And he remarks to Aunt Lotty that he has been agreeably disappointed in Mr. Gresford Lynn.

Aunt Lotty is very glad to hear it, for now there will be no objection to the little Lynns coming to Green Oake.

And Mr. Carmichael replies that there will be none at all, since they are Doris's step-brothers.

This is a new source of bewilderment to Aunt Lotty, whose ideas have not yet recovered the confusion into which they have been thrown. Nevertheless she indulges in pleasant day-dreams. She has not yet had time to grapple with the subject. I have explained it to her as clearly as I can, but she is not quite at home in all its branches.

"Joyce," she said, after she had been musing for some minutes, "I wonder what Mr. Chester will think of this."

I had not had time to think of Mr. Chester; indeed, I was hoping that I was forgetting him, but Aunt Lotty's words brought me back to a truer knowledge of myself, and a little twinge of—jealousy?—no, I will not call it that, for I am sure that that is not the right name to give it, but a little feeling that will sometimes come into my heart in spite of myself, but which I am determined to conquer. Begone, evil spirit, for jealousy has no place in a true heart.

Thus I exorcised the demon for awhile, and listened to Aunt Lotty.

She hoped that Mr. Lynn would have no objection to Mr. Chester, she was sure he could not have any. And then there would be a wedding after all, only it would not be at Green Oake. Still she should have a great deal to do with it, as Doris had no mother. And then she added, with a look of great relief, "No doubt Mr. Lynn has plenty of friends and relations, so there will be no difficulty about bridesmaids, and that, you know, Joyce, was always the great difficulty."

Ah! Aunt Lotty, you've had a smooth and easy life, if it has been rather a dull one, so you don't know much about difficulties. But in this case I could not help acknowledging that there could be no difficulties at all.

"I think," I suggested, "that Mr. Lynn will like Mr. Chester much better than Mr. Carmichael does."

"I am glad to hear you say so, Joyce; not that I think Mr. Carmichael disliked Mr. Chester; he was very kind and polite to him, and took a great deal of trouble in talking to him; but you see he knew all about this wonderful matter, that we knew nothing of; so he would not like to encourage anything of which Mr. Lynn would not approve. I see it all now—Mr. Carmichael is so very sensible. It is so delightful to have some one sensible to rely upon."

And Aunt Lotty again lulled herself into the belief that she had been a fortunate woman in her choice.

As long as a woman firmly believes in a creed of this sort, whatever her husband may be, she is not to be pitied. To her he is still her ideal, and lives in her eyes invested with the qualities that she has lavishly bestowed upon him. It is not until she comes to wake from this dream, and the ideal passes into rude reality, that we need waste our compassion upon her. Aunt Lotty's waking time had not yet arrived; perhaps it might never come. Happily might she slumber on to the end.

I went back to Doris, and found her lying on the bed sleeping peacefully. Her dark hair was all loose, and her face looked worn and weary. She was too much exhausted to be dreaming now, but had fallen into a heavy sleep. So I moved quietly from the bedside, and went into the little porch-room again.

I drew my chair close up to the fire, and there I sat looking at pictures in the glowing embers. I did not light a candle, though the dusk was creeping on. It was pleasant to sit in the firelight and be still for awhile after the agitation into which we had been thrown. There was something very luxurious in the feeling that stole over me, and I could almost have wished that the moment might be prolonged into eternity, so full of rest and peace it seemed. I looked not back into the past: neither forward into the future; the present, as an angel, with outstretched wings, had overshadowed me, and I was borne into the regions of blessedness.

I had been sitting thus for half an hour, or more, when Doris touched me on the shoulder. She had stolen so softly into the room that I had not heard her.

"Have you a candle, Joyce?"

"Yes."

"Light it, and give it me."

I lighted it.

"What is the matter, Doris?" I asked; for looking in her face I perceived that some new idea was working in her mind.

"My mother's packet."

"Well?"

"I might open it if I ever needed assistance," said she; "and heaven knows I need it now."

She took the candle, and in a moment I heard her unlock the box. Then she returned with the packet in her hand.

She sat down by me, and turned it over and over, now examining the seal, now gazing at the superscription. She could not quite make up her mind to open it.

"Joyce, if ever I wanted assistance I want it now. You don't know what I feel. You think that everything is clear, that a smooth path is before me; but I can't get rid of presentiments. Perhaps I am foolish, but this has come so suddenly; it is so incredible that I want more proof than Uncle Carmichael has given me. It seems to me that the voice of my mother alone can ease my doubts and fears. Perhaps she looked forward to this crisis, and I shall find in this packet words to guide me. Do you think the time has come to open it?"

"I do," I answered.

"Will you open it?" she asked, holding out the packet towards me.

"No, Doris; that is for you to do."

Her hand trembled and her eyes filled with tears as she exclaimed once more,

"Give me a pair of scissors, Joyce; I cannot break her seal."

Tenderly she cut round its edges—then she waited again—then she turned back one fold of paper, then another; it was but the envelope to another packet.

Doris lifted it up—there was writing upon it also.

She read it, and I read it; and the words we read were these—

"To be given to John Gresford Lynn, of Lynncourt."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ At the cable festival Hon. Charles Francis Adams expressed his belief that some day or other all business communications between England and America would pass through the cable, and that it would probably lead to the abolition of the office which he held, for the occupation of the diplomatist would cease when governments could correspond direct with each other.

☞ The trial of the new railroad constructor has been a complete success. The machine levels the track, lays the ties, deposits the rails and nails them to their places. It is estimated that with a complement of twenty men it will do as much work per day as two hundred men without the aid of the constructor.

☞ The recent order of the State Constable stopping all sales of liquor at wholesale, on and after April 1, makes the trade at Boston unusually brisk. It is estimated that the daily sales will reach $500,000.

☞ The trustees of Phillips's Academy, Andover, Mass., have added ten-pin alleys to their new gymnasium.

☞ The size of farms is growing small in California. Formerly the average was 4,066 acres; now it is 500 acres.

☞ At a ball at the Tuileries, the Russian Princess Kimsky Karsakow wore a dress the material of which was completely invisible, so closely was it covered with fresh roses and diamonds.

☞ The Ganges carries away from the soil of India and delivers into the sea twice as much soil substance weekly, as is contained in the great Pyramid of Egypt. The Irawaddy sweeps off from Burmah sixty-two cubic feet of earth in every second of time.

☞ In the Cottage Gardener is an account of an enormous grape vine on the coast between Tyre and Sidon. It branches into two stems, one of which was 50½ inches in circumference, and the other 40 inches.

☞ A lady in St. Louis advertises for a "help" who "knows a slap-jack from a boot-jack," and who will not "wash her feet in the dish-tub instead of the wash-tub."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1867.

OUR NOVELETS.

We bespeak attention to our new novelet, which we think will be a worthy successor to the greatly admired story of "Hearts Errant." It is called,

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY;

BY JEAN BONCŒUR—

and will run through a number of papers. We are glad to find that our novelets, stories, &c., are giving so much satisfaction to our readers.

We are still able to supply back numbers to the first of January, containing the whole of Mr. Bennett's deeply interesting novelet, "The Outlaw's Daughter."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BACK BONE; Photographed from "The Scalpel." By EDWARD H. DIXON, M.D. Published by R. M. De Witt, New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

THE ENGLISH OF SHAKESPEARE; Illustrated in a Philological Commentary on his Julius Cæsar. By GEORGE L. CRAIK, Professor in Queen's College, Belfast. Edited, from the third London edition, by W. J. ROLFE, Master of the High School, Cambridge, Mass. Published by Crosby & Ainsworth, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES. By CHARLES DICKENS. With 64 Original Illustrations. Author's American Edition. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

THE WEBSTER ELEMENTARY READER. Designed to follow Webster's Elementary Spelling Book. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

SYBIL'S SECOND LOVE. By JULIA KAVANAGH, author of "Beatrice," "Nathalie," &c. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Phila.

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. Published every week, by Lee & Shepard, Boston. Among the contributors to this excellent weekly for the boys and girls are Julia Ward Howe, Louise Chandler Moulton, Sophie May, Amanda M. Douglass, and perhaps best of all, the famous "Oliver Optic" himself. The price is $3 a year, or 5 cents a single number.

☞ Gambling in grain is speculating in a lot o' rye.

☞ According to the Maine Farmer, the Sprague's propose to erect at Augusta five mills as soon as may be, each running 100,000 spindles, making 500,000, which are several thousand more than there are in the whole of Lowell.

☞ A Pike's Peak miner, writing to a Minnesota paper, says the miners are much discouraged in that region, "they have to dig through *a solid vein of silver four feet thick* before they reach the gold."

☞ TO PUBLIC SPEAKERS.—Smoking and chewing tobacco are to be wholly avoided as injurious to the pure quality of the voice. The use of sweetmeats, candies, troches, rich pastry and puddings, and high seasoned meats, though not as bad as tobacco, impairs the vocal organs. Cold water is the best application for the throat, both externally and internally, though the practice of taking a sip of it from time to time while speaking is in bad taste, and produces no useful effect even in the hottest weather.

☞ A Paris correspondent says: "Epicurean luxury has found a new use for flowers. Violets are eaten with cream and sugar. The other evening, at an Apician dinner, given by a merchant prince, they were forthcoming. They were very nice; the violets taste as they smell."

☞ Mankind should learn temperance from the moon—the fuller she gets, the shorter her horns become.

☞ A fashionable clergyman of this city was complaining to a married daughter, whom he was visiting, that he was unwell and had lived for the two previous weeks on water-gruel. "Perhaps, father," said the affectionate daughter, "some of it has got into your sermons."

☞ ENGLISH FORCES IN IRELAND.—It is computed that England, at last accounts, had in Ireland 25,000 regular troops, composed of infantry, cavalry, artillery and engineers; the constabulary, numbering 11,600 men; the Dublin Metropolitan constables, 1,069, and the local force of towns, 500—in addition to which may be computed 150 detectives, making a total force of 38,339, exclusive of special constables, marines and loyalist protection corps.

☞ "Mum" is used as a title for ladies on account of their well-known love of silence.

☞ What's in a Name?—Everything is in an aim, if you wish to shoot straight.

☞ Miss Ida Lewis, daughter of the light-house keeper at Lime Rock, off Newport, R. I., saved a man from freezing to death recently. This is the fifth life she has saved during the past few months.

☞ A young lady in Dayton, Ohio, much given to the practice of tight lacing, caused a hook to be placed in the wall of her room, to which she was in the habit of fastening her corset strings so as to be able to draw them tighter. The other day she threw herself too heavily on the strings and broke a blood vessel, from which she died in a few hours.

☞ Father Webb, of Barnstable, Mass., died last week, at the age of eighty-eight years and eleven months. He was the oldest Methodist minister living, having entered the first conference in Maine, in 1800. He retired from the active labors of the church in 1858.

☞ John Halle, a boy of sixteen years, has walked from Providence to California, by the Overland Route, and arrived in San Francisco Halle and hearty.

☞ Contentment is the great sweetener of life in every state.

☞ A gentleman, parting with a lazy servant woman, was asked whether she was "afraid of work." "Oh, not at all," said he, "not at all; she'll frequently lie down and fall asleep by the side of it."

☞ An exchange, in speaking of the magical strains of a hand organ says: "When he played 'Old Dog Tray,' we noticed eleven pups sitting in front of the machine on their haunches, brushing the tears from their eyes with their fore paws."

☞ Knitting two stockings at one time is taught for a guinea, in London.

Death In-doors.

Multitudes of persons have a great horror of going out of doors for fear of taking cold. If it is a little damp, or a little windy, or a little cold, they wait, and wait, and wait. Meanwhile weeks and even months pass away, and they never, during that whole time, breathe a single breath of pure air. The result is, that they become so enfeebled that their constitutions have no power of resistance; the least thing in the world gives them a cold—even going from one room to another—and before they know it they have a cold all the time; and this is nothing more nor less than consumption. Whereas if an opposite practice had been followed of going out for an hour or two every day, regardless of the weather, so it is not actually falling rain, a very different result would have taken place. The truth is, the more a person is out of doors the least easily does he take cold. It is a widely-known fact that persons who camp out every night, or sleep under a tree for weeks together, seldom take cold at all.

The truth is, many of our ailments, and those of a most fatal form, are taken in the house, and not out of doors; taken by removing parts of clothing too soon after coming into the house; or lying on a bed or sofa when in a tired or exhausted condition from having engaged too vigorously in domestic employments. Many a pie has cost an industrious man a hundred dollars. A human life has many a time paid for an apple dumpling. When our wives get to work they become so interested in it that they find themselves in an utterly exhausted condition; their ambition to complete a thing, to do some work well, sustains them until it is completed. The mental and physical condition is one of exhaustion, when a breath of air will give a cold to settle in the joints, to wake up the next day with inflammatory rheumatism, or with a feeling of stiffness or soreness, as if they had been pounded in a bag, or a sore throat to worry and trouble them for months, or lung fever to put them in the grave in less than a week.

Wives should work by the day, if they must work at all, and not by the job; it is more economical in the end to see how little work they can do in an hour, instead of how much. It is slow, steady, continuous labor which brings health and strength and a good digestion. Fitful labor is ruinous to all.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

THE RECENT NEW ENGLAND ELECTIONS.—The official figures of the Connecticut and Rhode Island elections are not yet announced. In Connecticut, the Democrats claim a majority of 1,025 for English. The Republicans give the following as their return: English, D., 45,787; Hawley, R., 44,808—a Democratic majority of 979. As compared with the election of 1866, the Democratic vote has increased 2,554, and the Republican vote has increased 854—a net Democratic gain of 1,520. In the Lower House of the Legislature, the Republicans claim 16 majority; in the Senate they have 1 majority, and this was secured by the election of a Republican Senator in one of the districts by the small majority of four votes. The Boston Traveller states that James E. English is the first Democratic Governor chosen in any New England state since 1854.

In Rhode Island, Burnside, R., at the recent election received 7,272 votes for Governor, and Pierce, D., 3,178, a Republican majority of 4,194. Last year Burnside, R., received 3,197 votes, and Pierce, D., 2,816, a Republican majority of 5,381. The vote was light at both elections, and in 1867, as compared with 1866, the Republicans lost 825 votes and the Democrats gained 352, so that the Republican majority was reduced 1,187. In the State Senate the Republicans have 22 majority, as compared with 23 majority last year, and in the House they have 54 majority, as compared with 56 majority last year.

☞ The Insurrection in Hayti has finally been suppressed by President Geffrard, after a desperate conflict with the insurgents, in which many lives were lost. This is the fifth revolution Geffrard has had to contend against.

☞ The Civil Rights Bill has raised an interesting question in Alabama. A justice of the peace has been arrested for violating this law, in ordering a negro to be whipped for stealing, instead of sending him to jail. The justice pleads that he made the order because the negro requested to be whipped instead of being imprisoned. Whether the justice should be punished for doing what the negro asked, is puzzling the Alabama lawyers.

☞ At Albany, last week, a lady who had been in ill health for some time, narrowly escaped being strangled by a huge worm that made its way up into her throat. The neighbors were called in, when they succeeded in removing the obstruction and saving her life.

☞ Garibaldi has assumed sacerdotal functions. He recently gave public baptism to an infant at Verona, using a singular and somewhat irreverent formula. The facts, which have caused much scandal in Europe, are given in detail by a correspondent of the London Morning Advertiser.

☞ In the Supreme Court of the United States, Judge Sharkey, of Mississippi, filed an application for an injunction to restrain the execution of the Reconstruction Act. It will come up for argument on Friday.

☞ THE MAGIC COFFEE SETTLER.—A new kitchen utensil, called the Magic Coffee Settler, has recently attracted attention. It costs only fifty cents, and is said to do its work well. It is a perforated cup of tin, surmounted by a cone, and literally traps all the coffee grounds and strains the liquid clear of all sediment.

☞ The fifteen hundred black slaves of the harem at Constantinople cost monthly over fifteen hundred thousand piastres.

☞ Mr. John Thompson, known as "Smoking Johnny," from his inveterate use of tobacco, died last week at Salem, Ind., at the age of over one hundred years. It was noticeable in his case, as in that of many other centenarians, that while he recollected scarcely anything that took place within the last few years, his memory of events which occurred in his early days was remarkably vivid and tenacious.

☞ More than one half of the Episcopal churches in this country have one of the six following names:—Christ, St. John, St. Paul, Trinity, Grace and St. James.

☞ Miss Pepper, of Philadelphia, resembles the French Empress more than any other lady in America.

☞ Whiskey is now made from coal smoke in England.

☞ Truth is the only reparation that can be made for years of injustice.

☞ Tennyson is a great smoker. Nearly all the American poets are experts in "blowing clouds."

THE SUB-TREASURY.

Argosies of Gold—Ninety Tons of Coin in Safe.

The vaults of the United States Sub-Treasury are said to exceed in size those of the Bank of England. The strong and burglar-proof manner in which they have been constructed excites the admiration of all beholders. There are two of these immense vaults, one at each corner of the Pine street end of the rotunda. The rooms are, perhaps, twenty feet long by fifteen feet wide, and ten or twelve feet high. They contain no window; there is but one door opening into each, and gas-lights are kept burning inside.

The internal appearance of these vaults has a striking resemblance to a fashionable tomb in Greenwood Cemetery, rows of cases being arranged around the sides of the room, each about two feet square, with iron doors attached. There is one door for each case, and when the apartment has been filled with bags of gold or bundles of greenbacks, the doors are closed. Each case will contain half a million of dollars, put up in bags of five thousand dollars each. When a case is thus filled, the door is closed, and a seal is affixed in the presence of the Naval Officer and the Surveyor of the Port. It takes one hundred bags to hold half a million of dollars. In the first vault entered, there were seventy-two compartments arranged round the room, which formed a tier somewhat higher than a man's head.

Running over the top of these was a balcony with an iron railing in front; there was piled up in this balcony, in one heap, six millions of dollars in five and ten dollar bills; one-half million of dollars in internal revenue stamps, fifty thousand dollars in fractional currency, put up in large paper boxes, and five and one-half millions in United States bonds.

The floor of the vault rests on thirty feet of solid masonry, from the ground up. On the top of this granite there are two feet of wrought iron, and between the iron plates a space filled up with bullets. If a rogue should succeed in boring through the granite and iron, the moment his drill touched a bullet, that would commence to revolve, and by the time he had penetrated it, another ball would drop in its place; in this way he would soon find that he had an endless job before him, and the attempt to get into the vault would have to be abandoned.

The sides and top of the room are composed of eight feet of granite and two of iron, arranged in the same manner as for the floor. This safe, as it is called, was invented by Mr. Isaiah Rogers. Mr. Rogers once remarked that if the people at the Treasury building should happen to get locked out of the safe it would take him a month to break into it. A night watch is kept to look after these strong boxes, but they are considered perfectly safe without him.

There are four doors to be opened, one after the other, before we can enter the safe. Each one of these doors weighs two tons, and contains locks of different patterns. A lever is so arranged that after the doors are closed, four large iron bolts are thrown across the door-way, resting in sockets, which have been made in a pillar of wrought iron. If a thief should succeed in cutting the hinges of one of these doors, usually considered to be the most vulnerable point, the door would not drop down from its place, and nothing would be gained. Like the deacon's celebrated one-horse shay, these doors are made as strong in one part as in another, and the hinges show no signs of weakness. It will take a fearful earthquake to shake them down.

No good idea can be given to the reader of the locks and their operation, but a few general remarks may be of interest. The first door has one of Dobb's Eureka locks; there is no key-hole for this, and the outside combination wheel is divided into the letters of the alphabet, the nine units, and fractions of figures. The combinations which may be made by this arrangement are endless, and no one can open the lock, shoving back the bolts, unless he knows the words, figures and fractions which have been used in locking the door.

Even if a person was so fortunate as to get from Mr. Birdsall the combination, he must have an extensive acquaintance with the lock to know how to manipulate it correctly. The second door contains an Isham lock, which is altogether different from Dobb's lock. The third door has L. Gale's Monitor lock, and the fourth door contains Gale's double Treasury locks. From one of these doors, after it has been fastened, a portion of the lock is taken off, and put under lock and key in some secret place. Without this it would be useless to attempt to get into the safe.

The second vault is much larger than the first one described, but just as difficult to get into. There are one hundred and twenty cases in this room where gold can be put and sealed up. At the time we looked into the vault there were ninety tons, or forty-five millions of dollars in gold stowed in the room, and twenty millions in paper. The greenbacks, as they are paid into the Treasury, are put up in packages of one thousand bills each, all of the same denomination. A package of one dollar bills contains one thousand dollars; of five dollar bills, five thousand dollars; of five hundred dollar bills, five hundred thousand dollars.

In one small box we were shown six small packages, each of which contained one million of dollars. Money is handled in the Treasury building in a wholesale manner, packing trunks standing about full of it, large willow baskets on wheels being used to carry it in, &c. The sight of it becomes so common that the clerks employed regard it with the utmost indifference, handling it as they would so much brown paper.

The vestibule of the second vault is called the book vault, and contains the cancelled obligations of the United States, a ton or two of paymaster's checks. All these books and checks are carefully preserved.—*N. Y. Gazette.*

☞ A German has hit upon an invention by which hens and other poultry are persuaded to lay eggs of thrice the ordinary size.

☞ Another Washington, relative of the immortal George, has recently died at Culpepper Court-house.

☞ A quaint missionary in Rhode Island—being asked his age—said "fifteen years;" for having lived his allotted time he had begun anew—in his count.

"The crows behold the cornfields green
From off the mountain gray;
And thankful for kind Nature's gifts,
They all descend and *prey*."

☞ Seven thousand dollars' worth of shade trees have just been planted in New Orleans.

☞ Be temperate in diet. Our first parents ate themselves out of house and home.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

A Brief Explanation—Peruvian National Road—An Ancient Viaduct—After Dinner Avocations—A Startling Incident—El Cappella Serpiente—Exploding a Humbug—Swing Me To Sleep, Mother.

I pause here to explain briefly that in the declaration that Tambobamba was exempt from the universal tropical curse of insect pests. I had forgotten to add that the suburb of Villa Almendral, singular as it may seem, is an exception to the rule—swarming, as I have already stated in the sketch descriptive of that suburban city of palaces and hovels, with flies, fleas, bugs, *biche*, ticks, tarantulas, and all the legions of atomic insects inimical to humanity.

A legend is current that when the good old padre banished all the reptiles and noisome insects from Tambobamba, there dwelt at the Almendral an old Inca magician of wonderous power, who like the magicians of Egypt in their rivalry of Moses' might, befriending the banished bugs and creeping things, calling them to the Almendral, so many as could find foothold, until ground and vegetation were covered, and every hut, hollow, chink and corner was crowded with atomic outcasts, to whom the awful old Inca gave asylum so secure that the utmost efforts and exorcisms of the good old Benedictine were powerless to expel them, and ever since the annoying pests have swarmed in countless millions, legitimate inhabitants of Almendral, close companions of their human fellow citizens.

Having taken our departure from Tambobamba at sunrise, towards mid-day and at the distance of about six leagues, going in a direction nearly northwest towards Ayacucho, we came obliquely upon the ancient road, a portion of the once magnificent system of Peruvian highways, claimed by the traditions of the country to have been completed and in use long before the erection of the mighty sun-temples at Cuzco, Tambez and Lake Titicaca. The great national thoroughfare, of which this particular portion is in a better state of preservation than any other in the country, made one leg of an equilateral triangle, connecting the cities of Cuzco, Tambobamba and Ayacucho, the first famous from time immemorial as the city of the great sun-temple and Peru's sacred archives; the second celebrated for unique peculiarities; and the third made notorious by the great battle between the armies of old Spain and the Patriots under Don Simon Bolivar the Liberator in 1824. It was this desperate conflict that terminated the vice royal rule of Spain and made her South American provinces of the West Coast independent republics.

We had upon previous occasions encountered portions of the great thoroughfares of the ancient Inca empire, but in no other instance had we found evidence of such display of science and mechanical skill in construction, or the roads so little affected by the tooth of time. Where we first came upon the road it was a raised way, spanning a valley more than two miles in breadth. The embankment was not built up level, but swept downwards in a regular curve from either side, making a grade of some thirty feet from the centre each way. Neither did the raised way run in a right line across the valley in the general direction of the road, but swerved in several bends considerably to the right and left, following the course of a somewhat serpentine transverse ridge, showing that the ancient Inca engineers were clever in their science and economical too, understanding very well that every foot of foundation built up by nature was worth ten in the distance, so that the indirect route across the valley was infinitely the cheapest.

The base of the embankment is made of great masses of stone in the rough, piled in promiscuously, which must have been quarried from ledges along the spurs of sierras several miles distant, and conveyed to the work by some powerful mechanical means of which the ancient Peruvians seem to have been masters, the nature of which neither history or tradition have left us any clue to the nature of. Underneath, at distances about equally divided, were three correctly constructed culverts, of sufficient capacity to carry off the waters of any flood, to which these interior Andean streams are frequently subject.

Whether this mass of piled up rocks, having at several points an elevation of more than fifty feet, with a breadth of base of a hundred at least, sloping into fifty at the top, was originally covered with earth, can only be a matter of conjecture. Probably it was, as the soil which now envelopes it several feet in depth all along the level surface, but so sparingly down the sides that the artificial rock work crops through in many places, is not a vegetable mould, such as would be made up by generations of plants gone to decay, but is an alluvium, mixed with gravel, identical with the composition which forms the soil of the bottom of the valley. The level surface is grown up thickly with trees as sturdy in growth as any in the forests of Peru, while the slopes on either side are perfect jungles of smaller trees, shrubs and a hundred varieties of wild vines, tying and tangling the whole into an obstinate net-work almost impenetrable.

Such an inundation, as it were, of animate existence, we had never before met with, as there was above, before, behind, on either hand and all around us as we passed along this ancient Peruvian highway to about the centre of the valley, where we came to a halt, dismounted and proceeded to investigate the economy and architecture of the old Inca embankment. Monkeys more than could be counted were scampering to and fro in the tree tops and clinging to pendant branches, chattering an interminable jargon, frequently within a few inches of our ears, serpents, great and small and many colored, glided across our way and under our horses' feet, utterly heedless of our presence; birds of bright plumage and numberless in variety flitted among the luxuriant foliage, like swarming bees, singing sweetly in musical discord; scorpions, centipedes, tarantulas and lizards of all shapes, sizes and colors, darted and run in all directions. In short, the old Peruvian highway, with its jungle sides and dark shaded summit, appeared to be a perfect paradise of all pests and pretty live creatures ever found in a Peruvian forest. Cater expressed an opinion that of all the many millions of insect and reptile pests banished by the good old Benedictine padre from Tambobamba, a very large majority had found asylum in the congenial covers of this old Inca viaduct, where they had continued to multiply at the rate of sixty thousand per cent. per annum ever since.

Having devoted three hours to inspection and investigation and another to dinner, we had disposed ourselves in almost as many ways as there were persons of our company. Dr. Bond was in a deep antiquarian puzzle over some relics of ancient Inca art he had found in one of the arched culverts; Edith was transferring to her portfolio a brilliant toucan, with a bill bigger than his body; our *savant* Swede was arranging and numbering botanical specimens; Dona Angela was petting and caressing a poor, pretty bird, that an irate monkey had cuffed from its perch and sent fluttering down to her feet; Minnie and Arthur Essling were quietly at work civilizing an overgrown scorpion by pinning him fast to the ground with divers skewers, driven through his body and limbs; Consul Marsden sat bolstered by the trunk of a tree fast asleep; Monteiro lay flat on his back, making lazy feints with his lasso at an impudent monkey that kept grinning and chattering at him from a branch just over his head. Our pretty Bell Bird of the Val de Dulce sat leaning against the stem of a low branching tree, busily weaving a wreath of bright feathers and the delicate downy spray of a sort of purple grass gathered in one of the avenues of Tambobamba. At a little distance from our bug hunter's girl wife, Arline Essling sat in the shade, industriously removing from the polished blade of her lance some flecks of rust with a drop or two of oil and a bit of pumice stone.

The afternoon was excessively warm, not a breath of air stirred a leaf, no one seemed disposed to conversation, even the birds and monkeys appeared drowsy—dogs lay stretched out, horses and mules stood with heads drooping and closed eyes, and all symptoms indicated an early and universal *siesta* of everybody and everything animate.

Suddenly came an energetic—"*Caramba!*" from Arline Essling, then a shrill cry of terror from the pretty Bell Bird, lost in an angry—"Ir-r-r-a!" from Monteiro—a short whir-r-r-*vip*; and in a wink, men, women, horses, dogs, monkeys, birds—the camp and everything in and about it was wide awake. There stood Arline Essling, like another Diana, grasping the shaft of her spear, the keen, bright blade driven entirely through the neck of a monstrous serpent, the noose of Monteiro's lasso was tightened about the great snake close to Arline's weapon, and our Brazilian companiero was tugging with all his might—*carrahoing* furiously—to prevent the lanced and lassoed serpent from dragging lance, Arline, and all out of camp, into the jungle.

For a few moment there was consternation and such confusion as if Pandemonium had let out all its discord in that sylvan shade. Men shouted, women shrieked, dogs barked, monkeys chattered, and birds twittered—Dr. Bond fairly turned a backward summerset; Her Von Platen scattered his botanic specimens in as many directions as there are points to the compass. Then there were several rapid shots from the revolvers of Col. Essling and his nephew Arthur, which effectually settled the snake, and coming back to something like quiet, we learned from Montiero the origin of all the hurrah.

One of those serpent monsters of the *Boa* family, called by the Spaniards *El Cappello Serpiente*, having been concealed in the branches of the tree against the boll of which Dona Cardinelli was sitting so industriously weaving her wreath, had let himself down silently, and his great hooded head was within a few inches of hers when Arline and Montiero both happened to discover him at the same moment. Arline's spear was driven through the monster's neck, and in the same breath the lasso of Montiero encircled the serpent at the same point. Taken thus by surprise and disconcerted by double torture, the great boa unwound his tail from its hold upon the branches overhead and came down with a *scallop*, overturning Dona Cardinelli, and was struggling hard to escape from Arline and Montiero when the bullets put an end to both the tussle and his existance.

Her Von Platen who loved his Dulcian wife ten times more than anything else on earth—his own life included, comprehending at a glance the great peril to which she had been exposed and by almost a miracle, escaped from, sprang forward with one frantic yell, caught his rescued Bell Bird in his arms, held her for one moment close to his heart, and the next, uttering another yell, he dropped his lovely girl-wife as if she had been the loathsome serpent instead of the fair, blooming Hebe he so worshipped. Von Platen had got a first fair view of the dead snake, and in a second his wife and everything else was forgotten. In another he was kneeling beside the defunct serpent, his head bent close down to that of the hideous creature, which he began fondling as if he were going to hug it next; saying in soliloquy the while:

"Why bless me! This is the most fortunate thing in the world!" Then, with his eyes sparkling and his fine features all aglow with enthusiasm, he went on: "My friends, listen—look! I think you know nothing about this singular serpent. I have never seen one before; but I know their habits very well. They are common in the valley of the Upper Amazon, but I have not heard that one has ever been seen in Western Peru. Now I know that they are here. The serpent is a boa as you observe, but he is not a constrictor. Neither does it bite its victims more than is necessary to hold them secure for a purpose it has more fatal. There is no venom in the creature's bite. It strikes its fangs into its prey, aiming always at the head, if the victim be human or one of the larger animals, holding firmly until it throws forward over its own head and that of its captive, this elastic sheath or hood you see drawn back in folds on the neck. With this death cap flung over the head, and drawn close about the throat, entirely excluding the air, the poisonous breath of the monster will kill the strongest man before he can struggle or make a single outcry. Travellers, and natives of the upper Amazon frequently fall victims to this hooded serpent."

Well assured that Von Platen had told us but the simple truth in relation to the serpent, we congratulated our Bell Bird upon her narrow escape, and voted unanimously to keep a better lookout in future, whenever we chanced to dine in a junge, for a visit from *El Cappello Serpiente*.

Making a late afternoon and early evening's ride by the bright light of a full moon, of some six leagues further along the line of the ancient Peruvian highway mostly through an open, gently undulating country, we found for the greater part of the distance only faint traces of the road remaining, and nowhere during our journey to Ayacucho did we find any portion of it in such a state of preservation as the valley viaduct.

About noon on the second day of our ride, in passing a sort of glade of low, wide branching trees skirting the banks of one of the upper branches of the Ucayale, we discovered the base of that marvellous tale told by travellers, of the monkey's ingenuity in bridging with monkeys a stream they wish to cross and find too deep to wade and too rapid to swim. The Long-bows tell us that in such cases, the monkeys congregate in great numbers and proceed to construct a suspension-bridge in this wise:—

Selecting a point where trees grow close to the edge of the stream on both sides, the full-grown male monkeys ascend one that grows nearest the water, and one of their number suspends himself from a branch far out over the water, by his tail. Then a second monkey slips down over the first, who grasps him by the tail, and thus they *tail* out and downward a string of monkeys long enough to span the stream, when they set themselves to swinging, pendulum fashion—wider and wider at each successive sweep, until at length swinging out at right angles from the perpendicular, the last monkey in the line grasps a branch of the tree on the opposite bank, and there is a living suspension-bridge over which all the crowd scamper, when monkey No. 1 lets go his tail hold, the string swings across by gravity, and the bridge having thus swung itself over, breaks up and takes to the woods.

Now in South America, through all the regions from Panama to about the parallel of 38 deg. south latitude, there are some ninety species of monkeys, several of which have prehensile tails by which they are able to suspend themselves for a short time. But not a monkey of them all is able to carry by the prehensile strength of his tail another full grown fellow monkey. So that the story of the monkey bridge is preposterous.

Only one species of monkey is found anywhere west of the Andes. This is a small, active, rather intelligent family—feeble and full of queer tricks; one of which is undoubtedly the origin of the monkey-bridge story. The monkey mother holding in her arms a baby monkey, suspends herself by her tail to some flexible branch of a tree not far from the ground, and swings to and fro in a regular "rock-me-to-sleep mother," fashion. In that wooded glade along the bank of the stream we came upon a regular rendezvous of monkeys, and among the thousands, there were probably hundreds of mothers suspended by the tail swinging their babies to sleep. Col. Essling said they learned the habit from the Peruvian women's practice of everlastingly swinging themselves and babies in hammocks, often slung out doors between two trees. It is more likely than the story that monkeys make bridges of themselves over rivers.

☞ The evil done by the first utterer of a slander is small compared with that which is spread through a community from the repetition of the false tale by idle babblers. These persons would fain excuse themselves by alleging that they had heard it from Mr. So-and-so, a Mrs. Such-a-one, or they shelter themselves under the common generalities of "people say," or "they say." Counterfeited coins and bank notes, however ingeniously executed, do no harm if they remain in the hands of the original forger. It is by their circulation that the people suffer. Somebody once said to a sage: "A man slandered you in my presence." "If," replied the wise man, "you had not listened with pleasure, he would not have defamed me." The remark was a just one.

☞ The lead pencils of A. W. Faber & Co., are of superior quality; but they failed in one case. A person recently bought one, and the very next day came back to the store complaining that he had broken it. "Broken it?" said the large-eyed partner. "Well," replied the customer, "I confess that I was putting it to rather difficult work; for I was trying to figure out a profit from my last year's business.

☞ The projected strike of the spinners of Manchester, N. H., for ten hours a day has been abandoned, and the work proceeds, as usual, in the factories. The partial strike for ten hours at Lowell, Massachusetts, still continues. It is an obstacle in the way of our manufacturers in competing with the New England Mills, because ten hours is a day's work here, while eleven and twelve are a day's work there. And it will be still worse, should eight hours be made the day's labor here, without any change in New England.

☞ The Bishop of London is endeavoring to organize a visitation of the poor by the aristocracy of London. The Telegraph pays a tribute to the women who visited the hospitals during the cholera epidemic last summer. It says:—"Ministers' wives, peer's daughters, and ladies of high degree, coming from safe luxurious homes, went among the dying and the dead, and in great measure stayed the plague by their presence. The Bishop says he does not know what should have been done without those admiral helpmates."

☞ The Eastern Massachusetts boot and shoe manufacturers feel encouraged. At Haverhill the February sales were $659,723, twice the amount of January, and four times that of December.

☞ "Short visits are best," as the fly said when he alighted on the hot stove.

The latest substitute for tobacco is dried artichoke.

☞ A Chicago caterer has put cooking ranges into the sleeping cars that run out of that city, so that passengers may have a warm breakfast without leaving the cars.

☞ The Raleigh (N. C.) Sentinel says that the wheat crop in that state is promising. The indications are unfavorable for a good fruit crop. In many sections, however, peaches and early fruits are in bloom, and vegetation generally is making its appearance.

☞ The widow of the lost mate of the Ohio steamer General Lytle, which was burned some days ago, thus writes the story of her sorrow to her friends:—"There were seven others made widows," she said, after a moment's pause. "One of these, living in Cincinnati, when suddenly told of the death of her husband, looked up a moment in utter despair, and fell dead without a struggle. She had no children; I have five. When my husband's body was brought to my little desolate home two weeks ago, I said in my anguish, to a neighbor who had come in, 'I feel as if everything would go into the grave with him.' My little Freddy, nine years old, looked up and said, 'Mother, you must not forget we have God still; He will take care of us.' Oh," said she, "how he comforted me! If it were not for the hopes which religion brings, I do not think I could live."

☞ By a decision of the French jury, chosen to make selections for the great exhibition, the French School of Art will be represented by 550 oil paintings, 102 statues, 40 busts, 83 frames of engravings, 23 frames of lithographs, and 28 of architectural drawing.

Poisonous Odors.

People have heard of the deleterious effects of the perfumes of some flowers to those inhaling them, and especially in this the case with the lilac, jessamine, hyacinth and tuberose, when left in a bedchamber during the night. A French medical journal (L'Union Medicale,) discourses seriously on this matter. It says that the more or less fictitious cases of suicide and assassinations which have been related under these heads ought not to make us doubt the asphyxiating power possessed by strongly smelling flowers. Certain odoriferous fruits share the same deleterious property. We learn from a Dijon journal that a grocer, who had slept in a small room in which the contents of three chests of oranges had been piled up, was found suffocated in the morning, and was only restored to life by the most energetic treatment. The penetrating odor of quinces may produce similar accidents; a woman, having deposited a large quantity of this fruit in her room, was also found in a state of suffocation by her neighbors, who, surprised at not seeing her leave her room, entered it to ascertain the cause. The inference from these facts and others of an analogous nature is, that neither strong smelling flowers nor fruit should be allowed to remain in a bedchamber during the night, nor in the day either if it be occupied, unless the free introduction of the outer air be secured by open windows or other means of appropriate ventilation.

We do not speak here of that other class of odors of a positively offensive nature, mixed effluvia resulting from the decay of vegetable and animal matters, or of the emanations from the human body in certain diseases. There the sense of smell acts as a true sentinel, not bribed by the pleasantness of the odor, but giving early notice of present danger, and thus prompting to measures of escape and prevention.

Power of a Growing Tree.

Walton Hall had at one time its own corn mill, and when that inconvenient necessity no longer existed, the mill stone was laid by in an orchard and forgotten. The diameter of this circular stone measured five feet and a half, while its depth averaged seven inches throughout; its central hole had a diameter of eleven inches. By mere accident some bird or squirrel had dropped the fruit of the filbert tree through this hole on to the earth, and in 1812 the seedling was seen rising up through that unwonted channel. As its trunk gradually grew through this aperture and increased, its power to raise the ponderous mass of stone was speculated upon by many. Would the filbert tree die in the attempt? Would it burst the mill-stone? Or would it lift it? In the end, the little filbert tree lifted the mill-stone, and in 1863 wore it like a crinoline about its trunk, and Mr. Waterton used to sit upon it under the branching shades.—*English Paper.*

☞ A farmer in New Lisbon, O., poured oil around a spring on his land; an enthusiastic oil man saw it, formed a company, and bought the farm at a high figure. The "well" has thus far refused to yield.

☞ Artemus Ward had a large seal ring which, he used quaintly to say, he wore only during the forenoon, as it fatigued him to carry it all day.

☞ Rev. Mr. Stiggins said: "I am a charitable man, and think every one entitled to his opinion; and never have selfish malice against my foes, not even against Mr. Mulberry, who has indirectly called me a sinner; but still, if the Lord has a thunderbolt to spare, I think it would be well bestowed on brother Mulberry's head."

☞ Some anxiety has been caused in Imperial circles in France by the fact that the Prince Imperial had hurt his knee, causing a poor state of health from which he had not recovered.

☞ A correspondent of a London paper complains, that the Americans are spending their money so freely there, that they get the best of everything, and others have to go to the wall.

☞ At Hartford, Conn., one day last week, a woman whipped her little boy until he became senseless, inflicting serious injuries, because he played truant.

☞ The Dublin correspondent of the Times, says that the Fenians have proved entirely mistaken in their notions that they could beat the constabulary in isolated stations, that they had corrupted the military, and that their own men would fight well.

☞ A Test of Religion.—*Youthful Inquisitor.*—Ma, is Mr. Jones a good Christian?

Mother.—Why, I presume so, Tommy; why do you ask?

Tommy.—'Cause he don't smell of his hat when he goes up the aisle, like all the deacons do!

☞ The Agricultural Society of Tuscarawas County, Ohio, offers the following premiums:—A premium of $10 will be paid for the greatest number of rat-tails, not less than 1,000 strung on a string. The rats to be caught by one family, between March 15, 1867, and the time of the fair; 2d premium, $5 for the greatest number over 500 and less than 1,000; 3d premium, $3 for the greatest number over 300 and less than 500; best rat terrier dog, accompanied by at least 10 live rats; also, the trap in which they were taken. The rats to be killed by the dog on the ground. First premium $5, second premium $3."

☞ A Scotchman being asked to say what he thought "real music," answered, "Real music! hoot mon, 'gin ye wad hear *real* music, listen to the bag-pipes!"

☞ A Texas planter writes to a Galveston paper that an attempt has been made to teach monkeys to pick cotton.

☞ A philosophic and thrifty editor thus moralizes:—"Either our fashionable young men are seized with a sudden fit of economy, or their salaries have been cut down, so that they can't dress themselves respectably. It is really painful to see them going through the streets, their thin legs shivering in the scantiest of pants, and their coats so short as to leave a considerable portion of their bodies exposed to the searching March winds."

☞ The Human Voice.—The human voice has but nine perfect tones, but these can be combined in 17,592,186 044,415 different sounds—a remarkable scientific fact which probably accounts for the amount of discord there is in the world.

☞ The Chinese have numerous diseases of the eyes, every fifth man having some ocular defect, and every fifteenth losing his sight altogether. They attribute it to the excessive use of rice, and the habit of constant shaving.

☞ A jest is no argument, and loud laughter no demonstration.

Remarkable Marriages.

Among the many remarkable marriages on record none are more curious than those in which the bridegroom has proved to be of the same sex as the bride. During the last century there lived a woman who dressed in male attire, and was constantly going about captivating persons of her own sex and marrying them. On the 5th of July, 1777, she was tried in a criminal court in London for thus disguising herself, and it was proved that at various times she had been married to three women, and "defrauded them of their money and their clothes." The fair deceiver was required by the justices to give the daughters of the citizens an opportunity of making themselves acquainted with her features by standing in the pillory at Cheapside; and after undergoing this ordeal, she was imprisoned for six months.

In 1778, a woman, dressed as a man, went courting another woman, and was very favorably received. The lady to whom these not very delicate attentions were paid was much older than the lover, but she was possessed of about one hundred pounds, and this was the attraction to her adventurous friend. But the intended treachery was discovered; and the chronicler of the story says, "the old lady proved too knowing."

☞ Jennie June has heard of a man who, when he was asked which of his three wives he liked best, said he really couldn't tell. It was just like eating three remarkably good dinners at distant intervals—the last seemed the best.

☞ A young French couple went to a church the other day to be married. During the time the ecclesiastic who presided at the ceremony was addressing them, the bride fell into a deep sleep, which lasted till the moment came at which the young husband was to put the nuptial ring on the finger of his drowsy partner. On perceiving her state of unconsciousness he was, as may readily be believed, shocked and angry at such a flagrant disregard of decorum. At the conclusion of the ceremony, he informed his bride's friends that he would not live with her; and, giving two thousand francs, as stipulated in the contract, he left her.

☞ Southern Girls.—Within the last year twelve of the wealthiest and most beautiful young ladies in Nashville, Tenn., have been married to Federal officers. From this we infer that the Southern belles are overcoming their prejudices toward Yankees—nothing like love to settle the difficulties. Cupid's arrows are the most dangerous implements of war.

☞ Great fortunes have frequently been realized by the invention of some toy for children which meets the approval of the juvenile critic. The invention of the common street toy, known as the "Return Ball," is said to have realized $100,000. The "always wound-up top" realized $40,000. The invention of the "Walking Doll," which was so fashionable a few years ago, made $75,000 by patent. The dancing "Jim Crow" toy, introduced about two years ago, was invented by an invalid boy, and won a fortune.

☞ A Mahometan, living at Joppa, was greatly grieved because his wife had, for four years in succession, presented him with a daughter. He told her that he should regard the birth of another daughter as a sufficient ground for a divorce. The next month (November) the poor woman gave birth to *four daughters at once*. The husband was paralyzed with amazement, and, regarding this event as a signal judgment of God upon him for his previous harshness to his wife, told her that he would forgive her, and would not carry out his threat of divorce.

☞ What is the difference between the Hebrew idea of a slave and the modern notion of a wash-hand stand? The former is stated to be "a hewer of wood and drawer of water," while the latter is a drawer of wood and ewer of water.

☞ The increase of celibacy in France, and especially in Paris, says the New York Post's Paris correspondent, is still a subject of discussion. The government which wants soldiers, the manufacturers who want hands, the farmers who want laborers, and last, but not least, the women who want husbands, ask everybody, ask each other, ask in perplexity and consternation: "Why don't the men marry?" Pere Hyacinth preaches against celibacy at Notre Dame, the newspapers preach against it at the street-corners, yet, as one of them despairingly remarks, in an hour's walk from the Madeleine to the Bastile, one may now meet at least a hundred thousand bachelors.

☞ The Portland (Me.) Press tells a good story of the two Barkers, Lewis and David. The former is the successful stump speaker and wit, the latter the favorite poet and wit. The former is stout and tall, the latter is lean and thin. The thin man, David, was introduced to a stranger, who remarked, "You are much smaller than your brother Lewis." "Yes," replied the poet, "but take the wind out of Lew, and he would be no bigger than I am." He would not spoil a joke for relation's sake.

☞ In a French court, the charge was that the prisoner had appropriated his brother's share in an estate. "But, Mr. President, my brother was in California." "What has that to do with it?" "*Ma foi!* I was perfectly justified in regarding him as a distant relative."

☞ "There is a garden in her face." So wrote Richard Allen, the poet. His lady's face was not a well-stocked garden; he can only find roses, lilies, and cherries in it. We can do more than that; we see tulips, and apple in each eye, carrots (of course her hair is the fashionable color,) a little *mignon* net; as we looked her full in the face we noticed a blush rose, then she looked bold, then she cast fuschia glances at us. As to her nose, 'tis a little radish, but it can't be beat; it is covered with blossoms, and her cheeks show a little modest flour.

☞ The Montgomery Mail estimates that if the number of whites disqualified in Alabama averages three hundred in each county, the negroes will have a majority of 5,000 in the state, if they all vote together.

☞ "The destiny of the majority of mankind," said a great German historian, "is oblivion; and a very happy destiny it is."

☞ Early in the war, when all were more or less green in the war business, an "officer of the day" reported to General Rosecrans that he had arrested an officer for some irregularity. "What did you do with him?" "Put him in the guard-house!" "You can't put a commissioned officer in the guard-house!" said Rosecrans, excitedly. "Yes I can," said Green. "But that is contrary to the regulations." "I don't care what the regulations say; he's there, any how!" was the conclusive reply.

☞ Dr. Holmes, in the Atlantic for April, hazards the opinion that "lawyers half learn a thing quicker than the members of any other profession."

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THE COMING OF SPRING.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

Fust come the blackbirds clatt'rin' in tall trees,
An' settlin' things in windy Congresses,—
'Fore long the trees begin to show belief,—
The maple crimsons to a coral-reef,
Then saffern swarms swing off from all the willers
So plump they look like yaller caterpillars,
Then grey hossches'nuts lastle hands unfold
Softer 'n a baby's be at three days old:
This is the robin's almanick; he knows
That arter this ther' 's only blossom-snows;
So, choosin' out a handy crotch an' spouse,
He goes to plast'rin' his adobe house.

Then comes a hitch,—things lag behind,
Till some fine mornin' Spring makes up her mind,
An' ez, when snow-swelled rivers creak their dams
Heaped-up with ice thet dovetails in an' jams,
A leak comes spirtin' thru some pin-hole cleft,
Grows stronger, fercer, tears out right an' left,
Then all the waters bow themselves an' come,
Suddin, in one gret slope o' shedderin' foam,
Jes' so our Spring gits everythin' in tune
An' gives one leap from April into June:
Then all comes crowdin' in; afore you think,
The oak-buds mist the side-hill woods with pink,
The catbird in the laylock-bush is loud,
The orchards turn to heaps o' rosy cloud,
In elium-shrouds the flashin' hangbird clings,
An' for the summer vy'ge his hammock slings,
All down the loose-walled lanes in archin' bowers,
The barb'ry droops its stringes o' golden flowers,
Whose shrinkin' hearts the school-gals love to try
With pins,—they'll worry yourn so, boys, bimeby!
'Nuff sed, June's bridesman, poet o' the year,
Gladness on wings, the bobolink is here;
Half-hid in tip-top apple-blooms he swings,
Or climbs against the breeze with quiverin' wings,
Or, givin' way to 't in a mock despair,
Runs down, a brook o' laughter, thru the air.

A MODERATE DRINKER.—Now, my friends, (said a Highland preacher,) when you rise in the morning, you will take a dram, an' you'll give the wife a dram; and when you go to the hill, you'll take a dram; and when you'll have put your breakfast in your pally, you'll take a dram; but your no to be aye dram, dramin'. The mercies are good, and your to nse them, but no 'buse them, so when you come fra the hill, you'll take a dram, and so on till bedtime. Now, my friends, I hope you will take my advice, not drink till you be toxicated; for what the deuce would you be like in the tither world with your prains fill'd fou' o' Highland whiskey. It was far better you was never die at all—far better, my brethren.

☞ A little six-year urchin, away up in Maine, being unable to drive an obstinate cow out of the barn, set it on fire. "She run then," so the boy told his mother.

☞ A pin has as much head as a great many authors, and a great deal more point.

ENDURANCE.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

How much the heart may bear, and yet not break!
How much the flesh may suffer, yet not die!
I question much if any pain or ache
Of soul or body brings our end more nigh:
Death chooses his own time; till that is sworn,
All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife,
Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel
Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life,
Yet to our sense the bitter pangs reveal
That still, although the trembling flesh be torn,
This also can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way,
And try to flee from the approaching ill;
We seek some small escape, we weep and pray;
But when the blow falls, then our hearts are still;
Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn,
But that it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life,
We hold it closer, dearer than our own;
Anon it faints and falls in deathly strife,
Leaving us stunned, and stricken, and alone;
But ah! we do not die with those we mourn;
This also can be borne.

Behold! we live through all things—famine, thirst,
Bereavement, pain; all grief and misery,
All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst
On soul and body, but we cannot die,
Though we be sick, and tired, and faint, and worn,
Lo! all things can be borne.

GURTHA.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

The history of Michael Petcowrie (he had been named after the Cove near which he was found) was this: He was the only human being saved from a vessel lured ashore and lost by wreckers' signals. He was adopted by an old man and woman who had lost seven sons at sea, and he grew up to know them as grandfather and grandmother. When found, they guessed him to be about three years old. He spoke some foreign tongue, which no one in those parts could understand, not even the doctor or the parson, and which, of course, he soon forgot in learning that spoken round him. He proved a good lad, was a good grandson to them, worked well for them, kept them in comfort. They had been dead now about a year, the old woman dying three days after the old man. They had left the cottage and a hundred pounds or so, which they had saved, to Michael.

The old woman had been foster-mother to Gurtha's mother (to whom the Grange had belonged), who had grown up in much such a neglected manner as Gurtha, and had made an imprudent marriage. Her husband had deserted her soon after Gurtha was born; had been lost on the voyage to Australia, for which place he had started in the company of another woman, and with all the money of which he had been able to rob his wife, who died of something that might have been called a broken heart. From the earliest years of her childhood, Gurtha had been in the habit of toddling down to granny's cottage; and at these times she had often been solemnly confided to Michael's care, to be amused on the beach, or, occasionally in calm weather, taken out in the boat. Now, Michael was placed in circumstances of peculiar temptation. He loved Gurtha.—Well, of course, he did; he had loved her since she was a baby. Yes; but in what fashion, and how strongly he loved her now, he was only just beginning to find out. He hated Edgar. He had more than one good excuse—if any excuse for hatred can be good—for that; he had been played by him more than one ill turn and shabby trick. The simultaneous gratification of this love and this hate was, he believed, in his power. He had no thought that dishonored Gurtha; the bewildering temptation that dazzled him had for sole end and aim the making her his wife, in order that no other man should have power to take her away from him. Of Gurtha's liking, affection, love for him, he could have no doubt. He was very simple and inexperienced, unread in romances, and unlearned in life; between love and love he did not distinguish. Whether that very love which delighted him, which was made up of the love of a sister for a kind brother, of an unloved girl for her one friend, and, unconsciously, of a superior for an inferior, would not shut him out from being the object of any other love from her, he never asked himself. That this might be so, he had no suspicion. He had always treated her with chivalrous respect, not designedly or consciously, so much as from instinct and innate honor. He had loved upwards, never forgetting that she was "a lady." He had never claimed the privileges of a brother; he had never kissed her, or been kissed by her since she was a tiny child, that *would* be carried in his arms, and *would* clasp him round the neck. Even then, he had been reverent in his caresses.

Now the time seemed come when all must change, when he must give up all love, or have all. He knew enough of the world to know that the girl who left the Grange for a foreign school, could never return to it. She would no longer be the Miss Gurtha who loved him; she would be a fine lady, just like another fine lady; kinder and freer, perhaps, but it would, from the very nature of things, be out of all question that she would love him. She would have friends who would not deign speak to a common fisherman; she would have lovers in her own rank of life. That was the intolerable thought.

Should he let her go? That was to say, could he give her up for ever? He believed he had the power to keep her. To let her go, would be to give up both revenge and love, all he held dear in life—all he had to hope for—all he had to live for. He could never, he firmly believed, take up with any woman of his own position—any strapping fishing-lassie, after having loved a lady. If he did let her go—if he did thus give up everything—what should he do it for? Her good? He could not see any good that *could* come of it to her. He did not believe any man would love her as he did. He would serve her as if he were her slave; he would treat her as if she were his queen. (Poor fool! so ignorant of women as to think that a way to make a woman happy!) And then, if he let her go, what suffering *must* come of it to her! Taken away from the sea she loved so, shut away from the sunshine and the sky, deprived of liberty and the free use of her limbs—suffering that perhaps would kill her. He knew what home-sickness was, and could recall the ache of it; for once he had been sent away to the south coast for a pilchard fishing-season, and he hadn't been able to bear it, but before a week was out, being sent for loe, he had run away from the master he had been put under, and walked home. It would end in her running away; and then, she being so beautiful a young lady, and the people in foreign parts, as he had heard, so wicked, what would that end in? He savagely kicked the stones out of his path, asking himself again why and for what he should give her up? Difference of rank? Her mother had been a lady for certain, but her father? Then, as to his own rank—who could tell but that his blood was as good as hers! and it was blood the gentry swore by. Times and times, his old granny had told him how she believed he was born of gentle folks—if there were gentle folks in the parts he had come from—because of the fine linen that was round him when he was picked off the wreck; for that matter there were the things in the old chest still, where anybody might see them. Poor old granny! She had always been looking for a king, a queen, or a prince to come and claim him.

Young Petcowrie knew, as all the country knew, that Gurtha Trestrail had money of her own: this would help to smooth difficulties, enabling her to live always as a lady, which he should otherwise have been puzzled, perhaps, to enable her to do out of his earnings as a fisherman; this would also heighten the taste of his revenge; for he knew, as all the country also knew, that the young squire wasted his substance with riotous living, and could ill afford to let his sister's fortune pass out of his hands. But to do Michael justice, this money of Gurtha's threw no weight into the scale. He was not covetous: he had never known the pinching poverty that makes one feel what is called the real need of money, and had not the education, the refined and superfine civilization, that creates so many unreal and artificial needs, which money must supply. He was in love, worshipfully in love. Gurtha herself—the certainty of possessing her—the right of protecting her—seemed to him over sufficient reward for superhuman deeds and sacrifices, had such been in his power. That night, and two or three successive nights, young Petcowrie tossed about on a sleepless bed; two or three successive mornings, the earliest glimmer of dawn found him out on the bay. The weather during those days was stormy and wet, but that did not seem to him a sufficient explanation why Gurtha, who loved to brave all weathers, and in some of her moods liked the worst weather best so long as she was out in it, did not come near the Cove. Had she been sent away already, by force? Of an evening, he lurked about the Grange, dodging Mr. Trestrail (whom he often saw limping about, as if he had met with some accident), and trying to get a glimpse of Gurtha. On the fourth evening, he saw her, sitting in the fire-lighted parlor, drooping, he thought; but, however, she was not gone, so he went home comforted.

Next morning, Gurtha came down to the Cove—not so early as usual. He was home from his fishing, had "cleaned himself up a bit," and was gardening in the plot of ground before the cottage, when he saw Gurtha coming along the moorland track.

"Come down on the sands; I want to talk to you," she said in passing.

He lingered behind, to wash the mould off his hands, and to gather for her some fine rich-scented carnations, then he joined her.

They walked up and down while they talked, and Gurtha put her hand on his arm. Michael felt himself a gentleman, and looked one with that kingly carriage of his.

"He's been at home all day—all the days since I saw you last; and he hurt his foot the very next morning. He has been always watching me—that's why I've not been down before. I've not brought the books to-day, for I can't stay long, and I want to talk to you seriously, Michael—very seriously indeed."

"If you'd stayed away a bit longer, Miss Gurtha, I can't say what I mightn't have done. Life's not worth having without you."

"You can't do without your tyrant, and I can't do without my slave—that's it, isn't it, Michael?"

"That's about it, Miss Gurtha.—Now about the school?"

"Why, Michael, he really means to send me, I find. It's very serious. I won't go; on that I'm determined; and I don't want to die. It's all very well talking of dying, Michael, when you don't think what the words mean; but when one does think of what they mean, of what dying is—not feeling the sunshine any more, or the wind any more, or the dash of the sea-spray; not feeling the smooth sand or the springy moor under one's feet any more; not smelling the honey of the heather-blossoms any more, or the rich, fruity odor of the gorse; not watching the flight of the sea-birds, or the swell or the roll of the waves; not feeling the water dance under our dancing boat, Michael, or feeling the flying of my poor *Corsair;* not feeling any more, ever, any of these things; but, instead, lying up there in the churchyard, under the weight of the damp ground, among the worms and the slimy, creeping, and crawling things—"

"Miss Gurtha, dying isn't only that, you know."

"Isn't it?" she said with a reckless laugh. "I *don't* know that it isn't only that, Michael—you don't know—none of us know. Perhaps it would be better for most of us if it were only that. But we don't know, I tell you, Michael, and our parson, who pretends to know, knows no more about it than the rest of us. Is he readier to die than the rest of us? He should be, if he believes what he tells us to believe. Think what a coward he proved himself in that storm last winter, Michael, when you were so brave! And, again, when that accident happened in the mine, and you risked your life to save others, he, poor wretch, couldn't be coaxed into going down, when all was safe, to speak a little comfort to the poor man who was dying there, and couldn't be brought up! I have always felt wickeder at church than anywhere else since that, Michael. If I once know that a man is a coward, I lose all trust in him, all respect for him: when I hear our parson preaching difficult things that he never dreams of practising, it puts me past my patience, so that I can hardly help throwing the books at him, or calling him names! Suppose some morning I do something of that sort—you won't speak to me any more, I suppose?"

"Miss Gurtha, Miss Gurtha!" Michael's voice was a voice of reproof, but his face had kindled to a broad smile.

"Besides, I don't think *I* should be any more willing to die, Michael, if I did believe all he says. It doesn't seem a bit likely that a bad girl such as I am should turn into an angel all at once, and go straight to Heaven; but even if I knew I should, if Heaven is the sort of place our parson makes it out, I think it will be very dull and tiresome: I think it is much nicer here.—Sitting on the clouds and singing hymns! Hymns are so ugly! The noise of the sea on the rocks is much prettier, I'm sure!"

"Miss Gurtha," said Michael, laughing outright, "if you go on like that, I shall be almost obliged to believe that you are what you called yourself, though what no one else shall call you in my hearing."

"A bad girl? Oh, I am a bad girl: sometimes I am sorry, but not often. Sometimes I think I shouldn't be wicked any more, if I got away from Edgar: he makes 'my angry passions rise' in an awful way; and if there is a devil, I wonder he doesn't come and fetch me some dark night, as nurse used to say he would, if I got into such passions."

"The sin's his, not yours, my pretty: your soul is as white—as—the foam there. It's not you the devil will fetch. But about this going to school, Miss Gurtha—"

"About this *not* going to school, Mr. Michael? How is it to be managed? Michael, are you cold? Are you ill? You are shaking—"

"Your fancy, Miss Gurtha. But about this going to school, I think, Miss Gurtha, you should go: I think you had better go." This was spoken heroically. Was it the girl's clinging confidence in him—the same thing that made him feel "like a gentleman"—that gave him courage? Five minutes before, he had not meant to speak in this way. He went on more and more earnestly, the ice once broken. 'I suppose, Miss Gurtha, that there's many things that ladies learn that you don't know as yet. If only you'd try school for a bit—if, after all, you found you couldn't do with it, you'd only have to drop me a line, and wouldn't I come quick and fetch you? No running away by yourself, Miss Gurtha, remember. But you'd like it, perhaps, after the first. You'd get friends, Miss Gurtha—ladies like yourself—and, may be, by-and-by, fine gentlemen as lovers." Saying the last word, he looked at her furtively. She was all blank amazement.

"You turn against me like this, and side with Edgar! What do I want with fine ladies or gentlemen, friends or lovers? I want my liberty. Michael, school is prison. You don't know what school is, or you wouldn't speak as you've done. School would kill me. You'd feel no worse if you were put into prison than I should do at school."

"But if you'd try and bear it, just for a bit; you'll get liberty enough afterwards, you know. I'm sure, Miss Gurtha, that this is the rightest thing your brother has done by you. It's what he ought to have done years ago."

"When I was a child, I mightn't have minded it so much. But to be treated like a child now—I won't bear it; I can't, and I won't."

"Bless you, Miss Gurtha, what age are you now? Nothing but a child yet, to speak the truth!"

"Michael!" she said, drawing away from him, for the moment mortally offended, "I thought you loved me; I thought you were a true friend; I thought I could always count on you; I thought you would never desert me."

"I'm a truer friend in saying this than I've been to you ever in anything before," he said, ruefully.

"You're not, you're not! You *promised* to help me, and now, when I really want help, you desert me. I tell you what will be the end of it, Michael: I shall drown myself; you will find me drowned, and then, I hope, you will be sorry." Covering her face with her hands, she burst into a passion of crying. Since she was a child, he had never seen her shed a tear.

"Miss Gurtha," he said, tenderly, and laid his hand on her arm. "Don't, for God's sake, don't; I can't bear it."

She shook off his hand.

He watched her some time, his face working convulsively—then he seized her wrist. This time she let him touch her, but she resisted his efforts to draw her hand from her face.

"I've said what I've said because I thought I ought to say it, and you've no right to be angry with me." His other hand was round her waist, pulling her towards him; she resisted. "Miss Gurtha, it's breaking my heart to see you like this, and, though I warn you I believe it's the devil makes me give in, I promise to do what you wish."

Her hands were dropped from before her face instantly.

"I didn't know before what a good fellow the devil was!" she said; though her voice was still thick and checked by sobs, her eyes were dancing with glee. "You dear, good Michael!"

He released her wrist, contritely regarding its redness, and took his arm from round her; he had not clasped her to him; he looked down on the ground, as he said:

"I think you're turning your best friend into your worst enemy, Miss Gurtha."

She paused before she spoke again, then it was to ask, looking at him wonderingly:

"Have I offended you, Michael?"

Some words about "causing one of these little ones to offend," floated through Michael's memory, and confused a growing purpose; but he reassured himself.

"It's not causing any one to offend—it's not wronging any one. What am I going to do to her? To make her the wife of a man who loves her, to give myself the right to give her the protection she asks for."

Gurtha was watching him; presently she said, speaking meekly for her:

"Michael, I have no right to give you trouble. Perhaps I shall be getting you into trouble. Perhaps I had better go to school, even if it does break my heart and kill me."

"Not if I can hinder it!" he said. He confirmed his promise with an oath. Though she had never heard Michael swear before, this oath did not shock or alarm her, like the oaths she had heard from Edgar.

"Now, what was your plan?" he said. "Let me hear it."

She told him eagerly. He was to take her in his boat a long way, as far as he could take her in a day, and then—then he was to put her ashore somewhere, where she could get a lodging, but where no one would know her. She would manage to have some money, and he was to sell her watch and trinkets to get more.

"Well," he asked, "and what am *I* to do?"

"Go back at once, so that no one may suspect how I got away; and come and see me sometimes."

There was a pause; then he said:

"But the boat will be missed, if I'm away a whole day."

"No need to go so far, then."

"But, any way, while you are missing, I shall be suspected of murdering you; and if you're found, what better will you be off?"

"You must hide away, too, then. You are more clever," she said; "you make the plan, I'll do what you tell me."

They talked a good while: when he parted from her, he said:

"Perhaps you'll hear no more about being sent to school, and then things can go on as they have done."

This was but juggling with his conscience, and he knew it was.

CHAPTER III.

"You're to go to Chevala, to-morrow, to stay a week or two with Mrs. Garstone," was, the very evening of the day of that interview with Michael, Mr. Trestrail's announcement to his sister.

"To Chevala!" she echoed.

"Yes; I'm just back from there. It's all settled."

"*Is* it all settled? You haven't asked me. Do you think you can send me about like a baby, or a bale of goods? I *shan't* go."

"I was prepared for that amiable answer. Mrs. Garstone herself is coming to fetch you; you can say to her: 'I shan't go.' It's just what she will expect from what she has heard of you. I leave you to settle the matter with her."

"I've nothing fit to wear. I wonder you are not ashamed to send me," was said after a long pause.

"I have explained all that. Mrs. Garstone has kindly proposed to take you to Scarmouth, to get you rigged out."

"What time, to-morrow, will she be here?" was asked after another considerable pause, during which the brother and sister surveyed each other.

"I cannot tell you."

"I think you can."

"Well, I won't, then, if you prefer that form of speech. Now, be off to bed, girl. Some friends of mine will be here directly—young fellows who are coming to spend the evening."

"The night, you mean. Cards and drinking."

"So you watch us through the keyhole, do you, little spy?"

"I leave such mean tricks for you, sir."

"Be off, girl; be off! And mind, to-morrow, no skulking. Wherever you may hide, I'll ferret you out; and then, what a nice figure you'll cut before the Garstones."

"I can't understand your venturing to send me to Chevala, as you wish to be in favor there. I suppose you trust to my generosity."

"I don't send you there without sending your character before you: they are all prepared to find you prejudiced against a brother who has been your only sincere friend."

It was hardly dark yet when Gurtha ran up to her own room; she was as far as possible from being sleepy; she sat down in the open window, and let the bleak north-west wind that was blowing that evening cool her flushed cheeks, while she reflected: What did this sending her to Chevala mean? Did she intend to go? Life there would be one humiliation. No; she wouldn't let it be that; she wouldn't care for any of them—they might think her a savage if they chose; they might think anything they chose about her, she wouldn't care. She did mean to go, then—and why? She told herself that she was curious to see whether that young Mr. Garstone always spoke to his sisters as she had heard him speak, or whether that grave gentleness was put on for outside show; whether they really loved him, or only pretended to do so; what it was like to be among such people as the Garstones.

Suddenly, a terrible light flashed upon Gurtha: This sending her to Chevala was only that Mrs. Garstone might get her wardrobe supplied, as a preliminary to sending her to school? Perhaps the plan was for her to go there from Chevala—for her not to come back to the Grange. Well, perhaps it would be easier to escape from Chevala than from the Grange, if she were careful not to rouse suspicion by showing that she suspected anything.

But how to let Michael know? She had told him that she should not be down in the Cove next morning; so, probably, he would be out fishing, or he would be gone to the town. She must see him before she left the Grange. The only way of making sure of this was to see him to-night.

A few moments' reflection; then she threw on her hooded cloak—left her window open—locked her door outside, taking the key with her—and stole down-stairs. No fear anyone would hear her; bursts of reckless laughter and profane speech fell on her ear as she was passing the dining-room door. She had hardly passed when the door was flung open, and her brother stood in the passage, shouting for one of the men to bring in a favorite bull-dog from the yard. Gurtha shrank close against the wall, and stood there trembling. No one of the ill-regulated household answered the master's call. Swearing horribly, he went back into the dining-room, and rang a bell, which would bring the old housekeeper, if she happened to be sober. Gurtha availed herself of this instant; and darted out of the house.

It was a wild gusty night, clouds flying fast over a watery moon, a heavy sea beating deafeningly on the rocky coast—such a night as Gurtha loved, as filled her with wild exultation. She fled through it fast, as if trying to rival the fast-flying clouds.

Before she had remembered anything but the pleasure of this rapid and lawless night-walk, she was at the gate of Michael's garden; here she paused and hesitated. It was some instinct, no consciousness, that made her hesitate outside it and not go in.

"Dear, good, industrious old fellow," she said to herself, as through the uncurtained window she saw Michael; both elbows on the table, both hands buried in his curly hair. He was poring over a book by the light of a candle: learning a lesson evidently, for every now and then he looked up from his book and muttered to himself.

Gurtha thought of the Grange dining-room, and of what was going on there, and said to herself: "More of a man, and a better man, and also more of a gentleman than any of the wretches up there."

After waiting a few minutes, she clattered the latch of the garden-gate as loud as she could, but the wind had done that before; she threw pebbles at the window, but the woody sprays of

an ancient honeysuckle had been tapping there before! she called "Michael, Michael!" but the wind took her voice, and blew it up over the moor towards the Grange; the noise of the wind and the sea was both nearer and louder.

While Gurtha was debating what next to do, she saw Michael rise and yawn, stretching both arms over his head; then he came out into the porch to see how the night was.

"Michael, Michael!"

The moon shone on his face as, with a stride or two, he approached the gate.

"How frightened you looked!" she said laughing.

"You here, Miss Gurtha, at night! For God's sake, get home again."

"That's civil, Michael! Why, what's the matter?"

"Well, after all, it's no matter," he muttered. "But what has happened, Miss Gurtha? Is it come? Have you run away from the Grange, not to go back again?"

The gate was between them; he swung it open, and seized her hand.

"No, no, Michael.—What's the matter with you? I just ran down to tell you to-night, because I thought I shouldn't see you in the morning, that I'm going to Chevala to-morrow, to stay a few days. I thought you would miss me, and wonder."

"To Chevala! That's a trap, Miss Gurtha, just a trap to get you quietly away from here."

"So I think, Michael; and I wouldn't go, only that I believe I can get away from Chevala more easily than I should be able to do from the Grange when Edgar was watching me."

"But you won't want to get away from Chevala, Miss Gurtha; they'll pet you up with soft ways and sweet words, and talk you into wishing to be like one of the young ladies there—and then—there's the young squire—he'll be making love to you."

"You're forgetting yourself, Michael," she said, with assumed haughtiness; then breaking into a peal of laughter—"Why, Michael, I do believe you are jealous!"

"Yes, I believe I am!"

"You foolish old Michael! And you wicked old Michael, to believe that a few silly speeches would make me forget my dear old friend, my playfellow ever since I can remember."

"That's all very pretty, Miss Gurtha; but—" here he spoke with a sort of desperation, muttered his words between half-closed teeth, and yet in a way that prevented her from catching their sense—"when a fellow feels as I feel, he must have all or nothing.—But Miss Gurtha, while you are at Chevala—" he had suddenly changed his manner—"how shall I know anything about you?—how shall I know when to have things in readiness?"

"I shall write to you!"

"The big round hand then," he said, coloring.

"Of course, the big round hand.—I shall send my letters to Thornley-cliff Office, and you must go there to find them."

"No good 'll come of this visit," he groaned.

"I don't see what harm can come of it.—Michael, you are hurting my hand."

He released it with a muttered apology.

She bade him good-night, and sped away: he followed her at a distance, just to make sure that no harm befell her; it would have been a great satisfaction to him to knock somebody down in her behalf. He saw her enter the Grange yard, having met nobody, and then he went back to his cottage, to spend great part of the night in renewed self-conflict.

She got into her room by a way of her own; scaling the ivy-covered wall with cat-like nimbleness, and getting in at the window.

Next morning, Gurtha took unusual pains with her dress; she spent twice the usual time over her hair too, wreathing it up in close thick plaits, instead of letting it fly wild in untidy curls. She had attempted to dress it as the girls from Chevala dressed theirs; but Gurtha's hair being twice as thick, and much longer, obstinately wavy and wilful, instead of soft, straight, and compliant, the result was very different.

She turned out all her dresses, trying to discover one that was neither stained with sea-weed and sea-water, nor torn with scrambling over the rocks; and at last she found a black silk which she had hardly worn—such a sombre gown not being to her taste or Michael's. This she put on; and then she tried the effect of a great lace-collar and wide ruffles that had been her mother's. By putting on these, and a bow of orange-colored ribbon, she managed to make her toilet bizarre and picturesque, and to look as unlike a modern young lady as possible.

"It's been trying to civilize itself," sneered Edgar; "but I can't much compliment it upon the result." He was not down till noon that day; and soon after he had finished his breakfast, the Chevala carriage drove up. He went out to receive the ladies, and ushered them in with many apologies for the wild, neglected state of the place.

"A house without a mistress never looks anything but wretched and dismal. The state of the place so preys upon me, that I cannot bear to be much here; yet I have no heart to set to work to improve it while I have no one but myself to please." This was his melancholy-toned speech as he led the way indoors.

"You must get it all in nice order before your sister comes home again," Gurtha heard Mrs. Garstone say. "She might have a good garden here," pausing in front of the house: "it is a south aspect, and tolerably sheltered."

"The churchyard has been the only garden the Grange has ever had!"

"It is unfortunately near."

"Some time, perhaps, I shall pull down the Grange, and rebuild it. There is a splendid site not a quarter of a mile distant, which I should like some day to show you, and consult you about."

"My girls know your sister, but I have never seen her," Mrs. Garstone said as they entered the room where Gurtha was. Her voice first, and now her kindly old face, moved Gurtha in her favor: she received her in a way that astonished Edgar—with a sort of natural dignity and cordial grace, so different from the manner he had expected. He was annoyed, for this freak of hers gave the lie to much he had said about his sister.

"She is a splendid young creature, and has been infamously neglected!" said outspoken Mrs. Garstone when Gurtha had left the room to get her hat. "Not, of course, that I much blame you, Mr. Trestrail. What can a man do with a girl of that sort?"

"What, indeed."

Mildred and Adela Garstone made various attempts to draw Gurtha into conversation during the long drive to Chevala, but in vain; she had subsided into a corner next Mrs. Garstone, and was absorbed in her own thoughts and feelings: she had never before left the Grange for one day, had never slept away from it since she was born. Her heart was very uneasy: something seemed to be tugging at it.

She was sad, and looked sulky. The want of air in the closed carriage oppressed her: her face was flushed, and her brows were folded to a heavy frown. Mrs. Garstone, now and then glancing at her, half regretted the charge she had undertaken. Mildred and Adela regarded her with a curious mixture of terror, admiration, and contempt—admiration of her natural gifts, her magnificent eyes and hair, her handsome mouth, with its full red, short, curved upper lip, her glowing complexion, grand brows, and stately growth, mingling with terror of the violence of temper they had heard of, and contempt for her ignorance of all arts of dress, for her want of all personal neatness and refinement.

"Would you mind taking me back, Mrs. Garstone?" Gurtha asked suddenly. Mrs. Garstone turning round, found that the girl's eyes were blazing through tears.

"I can hardly do that now, my dear. We are close to Chevala: the horses are tired.—Are you ill, or have you forgotten anything?"

"It's no matter," Gurtha answered.

"But what is it, my dear?"

"I don't know."

No explanation was to be got out of her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TRUE PIETY.

To be the thing we seem;
To do the thing we deem
Enjoined by duty;
To walk in faith, not dream
Of questioning God's scheme
Of truth and beauty.

Casting self-love aside,
Discarding human pride,
Our hearts to measure;
In humble hope to bide
Each change in fortune's tide,
At God's own pleasure.

To trust, although deceived;
Tell truth, though not believed;
Falsehood disdaining;
Patient of ills received,
To pardon when aggrieved,
Passion restraining.

With love no wrong can chill,
To save, unwearied still,
The weak from falling;
This is to do God's will
On earth—and to fulfil
Our heavenly calling.

Why Teeth Decay.

A correspondent of the New York Evening Post, referring to a letter published in one of the daily papers of this city, some few years since, on the cause of decayed teeth, thus sums up the conclusions arrived at:

1st. Nothing but acids decay the teeth.

2d. They do so because those organs do not contain sufficient phosphate of lime.

From these conclusions he proceeds in the following practical manner:

What shall be done to give the teeth the proper proportion of phosphate of lime? The simple answer is, eat it; because we know of no other process by which it can be introduced into the blood, and unless it is found there somewhat abundantly it will never get into the structure of the teeth, inasmuch as they, like the rest of the body, are composed of materials which are brought into the blood through the digestive organs.

In order to "eat it," one must eat certain kinds of food which are coming now into general use in cities, and which contain in themselves large quantities of it—such as grits, oatmeal, Graham bread, one-fourth of an inch of the surface of potatoes.

The reasons, furthermore, may be found in the following: The bone of a tooth is composed of phosphate of lime to the extent of sixty-two per cent. The enamel has in it about eighty-five per cent. of this phosphate, and if less than this amount is found in proportion to the whole tooth, its structure is very easily dissolved away by the acids which form in the mouth, from particles of food in process of decomposition, from confectionery and other sweet things, which in the mouth rapidly acidify.

Some of the above-named articles of food should constitute a part of the daily diet from the time of the first evidence of a child's existence to the fourteenth year of the same, at which time the character of the teeth may be considered finally settled; they will be found of a good shade, hard, with an excellent enamel covering, without deep seams crossing each other on the surface, and liable to decay, but the enamel caps will be found perfectly formed—a covering to the bone, which will save the patient an immensity of fear, pain and expense.

The wonder is very often expressed that the teeth of people of the present day are so frail, while in past generations they have been so much more generally sound. It would not be far from correct to reply that the art of refining flour has now so much more perfectly robbed it of the bran of the wheat, that we get from our white bread just so much less phosphate of lime; also dyspeptics, and those who dread dyspepsia, knowing they ate potato skins when young, blindly say they find such trying food injured their stomachs, and hence neither themselves nor their children are allowed to eat them; and it appears, to sum it up, that the children of the last two generations throughout the civilized part of the world have happened to be deprived of just the sources of the supply of phosphate of lime in their food which have robbed their blood of the wherewith to make good teeth and bones, so our teeth and general bony framework but ill compare with those of the backwoods settlers who personated our grandfathers, and lived more independently of fine bolting cloths, and ate up the entire potato, relishing rye-and-Indian bread, all to our present mystification and the blessing of their own physical happiness.

RULES FOR BORROWERS.—1. *The Iron Rule.*—Never borrow anything whatever, if you can possibly do without it; nor then, unless with the *consent of the owner.* 2. *The Silver Rule.*—Use the article borrowed more carefully than if it was your own, and don't retain it beyond the time agreed on. 3. *The Golden Rule.*—As soon as you have done using the thing borrowed, return it with thanks.

☞ I, whence, where, wherefore, how? This is the whole of philosophy, wrote Joubert. Existence, origin, place, end, and means.

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH-WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF THE "WHITE SLAVE," "PHANTOM OF THE FOREST," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXVII.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

The most trying thing to the soldier on the field of battle, is to remain inactive under fire—to see himself in danger, and his comrades falling around him, and yet be able to do nothing in defence of himself or them—and such inactivity was now mine. There I lay, on my sick couch, unable to take any part in that which involved the safety of myself and the sweet being who was more dear to me than my own life.

For some time after the clattering of the horse's hoofs had died out on the ear, nothing was heard save the exclamations of Flora and her Spanish companion, and then came distant shouts and the report of fire-arms.

"I cannot lie here idle at such a critical time!" said I, making an effort to rise.

"Nay, you must, my dear friend!" said Alice, gently pushing me back. "You will injure, perhaps destroy, yourself, if you get up, and do nothing either for your own benefit or ours."

"But only let me see what is taking place!"

"Let me see for you then! I will look and report."

She was hurrying away, when one of the two ruffians, left as a guard, sprung forward, exclaiming:

"Back, gal, to yer place! back, I say! or, by ——, I'll fire on yer!"

"I have no intention of escaping," returned Alice: "I only wish to see what is taking place outside."

"It don't make no difference what yer want to see!" gruffly rejoined the ruffian, pointing his carbine at her. "Git back to yer place, I say! or, by ——, I'll shoot yer!"

"Oh, come back! come back!" cried the frightened Cora.

Alice returned to my side, saying:

"We shall soon know the worst, Leslie."

The noise outside soon came nearer—the shouts, the occasional discharge of fire-arms, and the thundering tramp of horses. Nearer and still nearer came the sounds.

"Here, father! here! quick! quick! in here you will be safe!" we heard Flora shout.

A minute after we could hear several horses dash up to the building, amid wild cries and yells and all the tumult of fugitives being closely pursued. Then a door was thrown open, several horsemen came thundering into the building, and the door was closed with a loud bang.

"Ah, father, dear father, you are saved! you are saved!" we heard Flora exclaim.

"They may assail us here, but we will fight them to the death, my brave girl!" we heard him reply.

"No, no, they will not dare, father, when they know all!" cried Flora; "we have other lives here that will compel them to make terms with us—such terms as we may choose."

"Whose lives? what? what do you mean, Flora?"

"We have Colonel Brandon's daughters here in our power."

"Ha! where?"

"In there. See! look through here—you can see them now!"

The bandit captain gave a loud, wild laugh of triumph.

"This is glorious!" he exclaimed; "whose work is this?"

"Mine, father! I thought you might be taken, and I was determined to have prisoners to exchange for you—and you see how fortune has favored me."

"At least I will have revenge!" he fiercely exclaimed; "and revenge on Colonel Brandon is fully worth such a life as mine! Let us kill the creatures at once, and throw the bodies to the devils outside!"

"No, no, father!" cried Flora; "we will only use them in exchange for all the lives here."

"But I tell you, girl, I would rather have revenge than life, and they shall not live another minute!"

"Nay, you shall not touch them, father!" cried Flora; and we could hear sounds as of a struggle—as if she had seized hold of him, and he was endeavoring to get away from her to accomplish his fiendish purpose. "Quick, here, men! seize your leader and detain him from murder!" she continued, in a tone of alarm. "He is not himself, and does not know what he is about to do. Seize him here and hold him! for your lives, his, and mine depend upon it!"

There seemed to be a violent struggle, and we heard Sebastian shout:

"Off! off! or I will murder you all!"

Soon after this, things grew more quiet, and we had reason to believe that the wicked chief had been overpowered by his own men.

Meantime, Alice and Cora had been standing by my side, listening to all—the former pale, erect and firm, and the latter trembling like an aspen. As for myself, I cannot tell how I felt, except that I feared my senses were about to desert me again.

Outside there was the noise of several horsemen riding up and surrounding the building; and presently we heard the voice of Colonel Brandon exclaim:

"Surrender, Captain Sebastian, you and your men, or we will fire the building and take you, dead or alive!"

"Father! father!" cried out Alice.

"Ha! whose voice is that?"

"Father, your daughters are here, Alice and Cora; I pray you be not rash and destroy us!"

"Oh, Alice, are you indeed there?" we now heard exclaimed in the voice of Ernest La Grange.

"Yes, Ernest, we are here, prisoners, captured by Flora Sebastian while on our way home; and if you would save us, you must make terms with Captain Sebastian and his men, for we are all here in his power."

"Ha! ha! ha! do you hear that, you devils!" shouted the half demented Captain.

"Great ginger! yes, and I'm here tew—bound like a tarnal old sheep—with my arms as numb from the cords as if I'd laid on 'em for a week!" called out Caleb.

"Fire through the crevices, my gallant boys, and shoot down the devils as fast as you can!" yelled the Captain.

"Not a shot, on your lives!" was the countermanding order of Flora.

"Who is master here, girl? you or I?"

"But you should not forget yourself, dear father."

"By heavens, I will have revenge, if I die for it! Unhand me, men! unhand me!"

"No, no—hold him! keep him fast!" cried Flora.

The Captain and his daughter, and the men who had entered the building with him, were still in an apartment adjoining where I lay; but the partition was not very sound, had crevices in it, and we could hear everything said in there as well as if they had been in the room with us. A struggle now seemed to follow the last order of Flora, as if the Captain were trying to get away; and the horses snuffed and snorted, and trampled heavily on the floor, as if frightened.

"I will kill you for this, as soon as I get my liberty!" said Sebastian, at length, in the low, panting tone of one struggling violently.

"Hold him, men! hold him!" cried Flora; "for if he gets his liberty now, he will kill you, sure enough! Father, pray be calm, and forgive me for this harshness, which is only done to save our lives—your life as well as mine!"

"I don't want life, unnatural girl! I want revenge, while it is in my power, and I will have it!" cried the furious father.

"Bind him!" cried Flora; "if there is no other way, you must pinion his arms till he become reasonable! I fear this trouble has been too much for him—that he has already lost his judgment. Quick, there, with the rope! bind his arms fast! You have my orders, and I will see that no harm come to either of you for obeying me! There—so—bind him fast!"

The struggle with the bandit chief now soon came to an end; and then we heard Flora tell the men to let her father get up, but keep by him, and prevent him from injuring himself or others.

A minute or two after this, a door opened into the main centre of the building where we were, and Flora came forward, looking pale and excited, followed by the ruffians, with their chief between them, his arms bound tightly to his body by a stout rope.

I shuddered as I looked at him. His dress was disordered, his hair dishevelled, his face swollen and flushed, as if he had been drinking to excess, and his eyes blood-shot and brutally savage in expression. I did not think he was altogether sane; but whether mad from drink, passion, or excitement, or all three combined, I could not tell. He came forward, glaring round like a mad bull, and said to the shrinking and trembling Cora Brandon:

"Ay, girl, I would like to murder you and your sister for your father's sake, and then they might swing me on the first tree!"

"Do not be alarmed!" said Flora; "he shall not harm you."

"God bless you, Miss Sebastian, for saving our lives!" returned Cora.

"Yes," joined in Alice, with feeling, "we have overheard all, and know how much it must have pained you to be severe with your father!"

Flora turned and looked at her, and, in spite of her effort to remain cold and harsh, I saw her lips slightly quiver.

"Had I done it for your sake," she said, in a cold, proud tone, "your remarks would not be so much out of place. But I did not. I simply did it to save my father's life and my own."

"No matter!" rejoined Cora; "we shall still remain grateful for our preservation."

"You were a fool, Flora!" said her father harshly.

"You will think better of me by-and-by, dear father!" was the gentle reply.

There was something touching in the affection of that beautiful girl for her parent. Erring, sinful, guilty, criminal she might be—but who had made her so? Her very passions might have been inherited, and education in his wicked school perhaps had done the rest. There were noble traits in her evil-formed character, and not the least of these was her devotion to the guilty author of her being—devotion that would have led her to sacrifice her life for his.

"Well, who are *you?* and what is the matter with you?" now demanded the Captain, looking fiercely at me, from among the armed and scowling ruffians on either side of him.

"Here, father, I wish to speak to you!" said Flora quickly, trying to draw him aside, doubtless fearing the mention of my name would excite him still more.

"Who is it, Flora? I have seen his face before."

"Never mind now, father! I want to ask you some private questions. Here! this way!"

"Oho! so you don't want me to know this man, eh?" he said, with the cunning suspicion of a lunatic. "But I will know! Let me see now!"

He moved along to where he could get a better view of my face, and then half bent over me.

"Ha! Dr. Walbridge!" he said, slowly drawing in his breath and beginning to scowl more darkly. "I remember now. You escaped me when you first came to the country—you escaped me at my own house—*and I owe you so much.* By ——," with a fearful oath, "you shall not escape me now! Here, my good fellows, will one of you oblige me by blowing out his brains?"

Cora Brandon uttered a wild cry of terror, and tried to shield me with her person. Poor, sweet soul! it was all she could do.

"A thousand dollars to the man who blows out this fellow's brains!" cried Sebastian, in hellish fury. "We owe all our misfortunes to him, men! It was he who discovered all our plans and exposed them!"

"It was he who swore my comrade cheated and got him into his trouble!" said the Spanish messenger, who had been the companion of Diego Gomez; and suddenly drawing a pistol, he levelled it at my head.

Alice and Cora both uttered wild cries of terror; but Flora alone saved me, by knocking up the weapon just as it was discharged. The ball barely passed over my head, and I felt the heat of the burning powder on my face.

All now became wild excitement, within and without.

Within, Flora, madly furious at this murderous attempt, which might have brought down destruction upon all, drew one of her own pistols, and presenting it to the head of the Spaniard, cried:

"Back, Lucio—back, all—or I will fire!"

The ruffians fell back in awe and dragged the Spaniard away.

Without, they had heard the cries of terror and the shot, and now began to thunder at the different doors, demanding admittance, and threatening to break in and put everybody to death.

"Hold, all!" called out Flora; "and you men outside, listen! or not a prisoner here shall escape!"

"Speak, then—what is it?" said the voice of Ernest.

"Ah, sir," returned Flora, "you are the one of all others I would treat with!"

"Speak, then, unfortunate girl!"

"Ay, unfortunate indeed!" muttered Flora in an under tone. And then, in a loud voice, to him: "No harm has yet been done here, Ernest La Grange—though an attempt has just been made upon the life of your sick friend—which I, who have little cause to wish him spared, have foiled. We have several prisoners here—all in fact who were of this party, except a white overseer and a negro who were killed at our first assault. I headed the men who captured your friends, and their lives are all in my power. With a word I can have every one slain before you can reach them—ay, I can even slay them myself. I took them prisoners, however, for the purpose of saving my father—with the view of offering them in exchange for him in case he should fall into the hands of the Regulators. He has escaped, as you know, and is now here; and I now offer all our prisoners in exchange for the safety of him, and the men here with him, and my unworthy self. Now then you know all. Agree to my terms, and your friends are safe: refuse them, or attempt to break in here, and they die!"

"You will give us time to consider your conditions, I suppose?"

"If you do not take too long."

"In a few minutes you shall have our answer," said Ernest.

"I shall not agree to your terms, Flora!" said her father.

"Why not?"

"Because you can do better."

"What then would you have?"

"The release of *all* our men—not only of those that are here, but of those captured elsewhere."

"Are there many of them in the hands of the Regulators?"

"A number—I do not know how many."

"Are they here with this party now surrounding us?"

"Of course not."

"Then I do not see how we can save them. If we attempt to do too much, we may fail in all."

"Colonel Brandon would give up every prisoner for the lives of his daughters!"

"But are they in his possession, father?"

"He is the commander of the Regulators."

"And are we to remain here till he can send off and have them brought in?"

"Why not?"

"I do not like the idea, dear father—something might happen to prevent our own escape. I think we should fly while we can."

"Tut, child—we are perfectly safe here, while we have the lives of these girls in our hands! Here, somebody, cut these cords!"

"Nay, dear father, not unless you give your sacred promise that you will do no injury to any of the prisoners!"

"A pretty spectacle this!" cried Sebastian, beginning to grow furious again: "a father governed by his daughter! a bandit-chief bound like a slave, and his own prisoners free!"

"Nay, father, you were not yourself—are not yet, I fear—and what I did I did for the best. Had you carried out your impulsive design, you would have put us all beyond hope. And besides, you must excuse me for saying these are not your prisoners: they are mine, and were captured for the very purpose I am now using them, to save you and myself."

"And why are they at liberty?"

"The men are not—only these young ladies."

"I bound and they free! a pretty spectacle indeed! Here, somebody, cut these cords, I say! Lucio, cut with your knife and sever these bonds!"

"Do not a man of you touch him!" said Flora, making a gesture with the hand that still held the pistol. "As I have told you before, the life of every man of you depends upon the safety of these prisoners, and my father is too much excited still to be trusted with his freedom. For the sake of revenge he would sacrifice us all!"

"I would, by ——!" confirmed the Captain, with a wicked oath.

"Come, dear father," said Flora, with pleading gentleness, "think, reflect, and be calm!"

"Calm, girl, when all is lost! Away with your foolish prattle! I cannot be calm—I will not be calm!"

"All is not lost, dear father! You will have your life and freedom, your daughter and your wife left to you."

"Ha! your mother! where is she?"

"She will join us at ——"

She whispered the name in his ear and I did not hear it.

"But my estate, my negroes, and nearly all my personal property, are gone."

"No, dear father; many of the negroes fled with my mother; and she carried off gold, plate, jewels and other valuables, to the amount of thousands of dollars."

"Say you so, Flora?" returned the father in surprise. "Why, then, matters are not so bad as I thought!"

"No, dear father—we shall see many happy days yet."

She sighed as she spoke, and turned her head away to conceal a tear. Poor girl! I was compelled to pity her, even while my judgment condemned. She unquestionably had some redeeming, if not noble, traits of character, and under different circumstances might have been an ornament to society.

"Come, dear father," she said, turning fondly to him, and putting back his dishevelled hair with her soft, fair hand, "you must tell me now how you managed to escape from your foes? Lucio had only just brought us the dreadful news that you had either been taken or killed, and I was in an agony of distress, when you were seen coming this way, hotly pursued by the men who now surround us. How did you manage to escape, after once being in the power of the furious Regulators?"

"They never had me in their power—who says they had?" returned the Captain.

"I had sent Lucio with a message to you, and he returned to say that you had sallied forth at the head of a small party, which had been killed or captured, all save two. You were one of the two then that eluded them?"

"Ha! ha! that was a ruse of mine!" laughed the chief. "I was not of that party that made the sally. We had a man, of my size and general appearance, dressed to represent me; and while the Regulators were congratulating them-

selves that I was in their clutches, I was darting off in another direction. Unfortunately I was seen by Brandon, who, with a strong party, was just coming up from another quarter, and he instantly gave chase. My horse did not fail me, and here I am, though little I dreamed I was flying to my daughter's arms. When I first saw our men issue out of this building, I supposed them to be another armed party of Regulators and gave myself up for lost; but as soon as I discovered my mistake, I resolved to have one shot at Brandon if I died for it. Turning in my saddle, I aimed and fired; but my confounded beast stumbled, and I missed him. The shot, however, came near doing execution—for it either tipped the ear of young La Grange, or whizzed so close to his head as to make him dodge."

"Oh, father!" exclaimed Flora, impulsively raising her hands.

"Pshaw, girl, he is nothing to you now!"

"I know it, father—I know it!" she rejoined, with a heavy sigh and a sorrowful shake of the head.

At this moment loud rapping was heard at the central door.

"It is the answer, which will be life or death to all here!" said Flora, solemnly. "Father, will you leave this matter in my hands?"

"You may speak."

She advanced to the door, and every ear was strained to listen.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DELIVERANCE AT LAST.

"Who is there?" we heard Flora demand, in a clear, calm tone.

"Ernest La Grange."

"Your answer?"

"If you will admit me, I will speak to you face to face."

"Are you alone?"

"I am."

"On your word of honor?"

"On my word of honor."

"It is enough—I will admit you!" returned Flora, advancing to the door and beginning to unfasten it.

"Forward, men, and guard her against treachery!" exclaimed her father, in a tone of alarm.

"Back, men!" was the commanding order of Flora. "I need no protection while conferring with a gentleman of honor."

"Bah!" sneered Sebastian; "honor indeed!"

The door opened, Ernest entered, and was immediately surrounded by the ruffians.

"Give up your arms!" said Lucio.

"Who gave you the right to order here, in the presence of my father and myself?" cried Flora, as she hurriedly re-fastened the door and confronted the Spaniard.

"It is my duty to see you protected, Miss Sebastian."

"I have said I need no protection while conferring with a gentleman of honor!" returned Flora; "and so fall back, sir! and you, men, fall back!"

"I thank you for this confidence, Miss Sebastian!" said Ernest; "and you see I have trusted you, by voluntarily putting myself in your power. Here are my arms, if you wish them."

"No, Ernest La Grange," returned Flora, in a quavering tone, "I do not fear you—though I confess I have wronged you. You have cause to hate and detest me, and justice would give me severe punishment at your hands. But let me not recall the past. We are here met, perhaps for the last time, to settle a question of vital importance to all. We are here, so to speak, in each other's power, and must either separate for life or remain in death. You know what I require—the safety of my father and friends—for which I will yield up my prisoners—the dearest friends you have in the world—and I now await your answer."

"I have consulted with Colonel Brandon and others, and all have agreed to accede to your terms," replied Ernest.

"We want you to yield up *all* your prisoners in exchange for ours!" interposed Captain Sebastian.

"Are you not satisfied with the release of yourself, your daughter, and the men with you?" queried Ernest.

"No, we are not."

"Father, I thought——"

"Silence, Flora, and let me speak! You are a mere girl, and know nothing of these things."

"And yet but for what I planned and executed, how would you have escaped?" returned Flora.

"Well, sir, what is your present demand?" said Ernest.

"We demand the release of every man captured by the Regulators, in exchange for the prisoners we have here, yourself included."

"Myself!" exclaimed Ernest in surprise. "I am not your prisoner!"

"Indeed you are!"

"Indeed then he is not!" cried Flora, with a proud, angry, commanding look. "Ernest La Grange entered here in good faith, and will not be detained one minute beyond his own desire!"

"I did not understand, Miss Sebastian, that you claimed the release of all the prisoners in the hands of the Regulators in return for the release of my friends here!" said Ernest.

"My father thinks such should be our terms," she answered, in a somewhat confused and hesitating manner.

"I hope you will not insist on this, for it might prove a serious thing for all of us. I have no authority to accede to such conditions, and I doubt if they would be granted."

"Not even to save the lives of Colonel Brandon's daughters?" sneered the bandit-chief.

"You could not put them to death and escape yourself, Captain Sebastian."

"Well, we could die with them."

"We have offered you life and liberty as it is."

"We must have the liberty of all!"

"Do your men say the same?" inquired Ernest, turning to the ruffians. "Hark you," he pursued, "and understand this matter for yourselves! You are all brave, I grant, and probably fear death as little as any; but which of you does not prefer to live a little longer? which of you is ready at this moment, with all his sins on his soul, to be suddenly launched into eternity and brought before the awful Bar of an offended God? As it is, you are surrounded by at least twenty men, as brave as yourselves, through whose hostile line you cannot pass with life; and yet they freely grant you life and liberty, in return for the life and liberty of those here in your power. Now, are you disposed to throw this certain chance away, for the uncertain chance of having men released who are miles from here?—men who, so far from sacrificing their lives to save yours, would not hesitate a moment to sacrifice yours to save theirs?"

"No, no—we won't give up our lives for them!" was the general response.

"Then let our treaty be brought to a speedy close!" said Flora. "In return for the release of all the prisoners here in our power, what terms do you offer us?"

"You shall all pass through our line unmolested."

"What assurance can you give us that your friends will not break faith with us?"

"I will pledge you my sacred honor!"

"That is not enough, sir!" said the suspicious Captain.

"Then I will accompany you a reasonable distance as a hostage for your safety."

"That is better; and if you will increase the security by adding Colonel Brandon's daughters, we will agree to the conditions."

"What!" exclaimed Ernest indignantly; "leave with you the fair prisoners we are seeking to release, as a pledge that we will keep faith with you? and get nothing from you in return to secure us against treachery on your part?—that would indeed be a piece of folly you could scarcely expect men of ordinary common sense to agree to!"

"You are right, Dr. La Grange!" said Flora; "my father is unreasonable in his demands. Your pledge of honor is sufficient, without even your person as hostage."

"I thank you, Miss Sebastian, for this confidence in myself, and shall take care that you have no reason to regret it! Am I then to consider the matter settled? and that your prisoners here are now released to me?"

"One word more, sir! Neither you, nor your friends, nor any of the Regulators, are to follow us, to arrest or punish us for anything that has occurred!"

"I am authorized to say, that, for the space of one week, you shall neither be followed nor molested, provided you immediately quit this part of the country, and commit no further aggressions; but if found within the State of Louisiana after the time specified, you will be held responsible for all that has occurred."

"And our property—my father's estate—what of that?"

"I have no power to offer any terms in regard to any thing or person not present here, Miss Sebastian."

"But may I venture to ask you to use your personal influence in our behalf—in—in remembrance of—of—happier days?" faltered Flora.

Ernest looked at her steadily for a few moments, and felt pity in his heart for one who, whatever her sins, had a passionate love for him, and perhaps through that very passion had been led to do things which she otherwise would not have done; and though she was none the less guilty, and not to be excused, he was disposed to deal kindly, rather than harshly, with her.

"Yes, Miss Sebastian, I will use my personal influence in your behalf," he answered.

"Oh, thank you! thank you!" she rejoined, in a tone that showed she was much moved. "A word from you will go far. She paused a moment, with drooping head, and then said falteringly: "Ernest La Grange, we shall probably never meet again, and I crave your forgiveness for the past!"

"I freely grant it, for all offences committed against myself individually!" he replied.

She stood a moment in a thoughtful attitude; and then, lifting her head, with something of the old pride and hauteur, observed:

"I believe there is but little more to be said. The prisoners here I now release to you. Come, father—come, men—let us mount our horses and depart!"

Ernest now advanced to me, and, taking my hand, said, with tearful eyes:

"Do you know me, my dear friend?"

"Yes, I have my reason now, my dear Ernest."

"God bless you! I hope this excitement may not prove fatal. There—say not another word; but try to be calm, and leave all in the hands of your friends."

He then turned away, and greeted Alice and Cora most warmly; and while holding a hurried conversation with them, the impatient Yankee called out:

"I say, Dr. La Grange, be you the boss-feller here now? 'Cause, if you be, I want you to cut these ere cords, and let a feller about my size git up and swing myself. I snum to Guinea, I's never tied so afore in all my born days! I hain't got no more feeling in my hands and arms than if they was dead."

"I will attend to you presently," replied Ernest, as he turned away to the door to admit his friends.

In another minute some eight or ten of the Regulators, headed by Colonel Brandon, entered the building, leaving as many more outside. When I saw them gathered around me, and Alice and Cora fondly greeting their father, I for the first time felt we were really saved; and the reaction, from the long strain of anxiety, excitement and fear, rendered me so weak that it was with difficulty I could speak.

While some of the Regulators hastened to cut the bonds of the prisoners, the Colonel addressed a few kind words to me.

"I am sorry to see you in this condition, my friend," he said, "but hope you will soon be restored to health. You have gone through much peril and suffering, and have done a great work for us, for which we are all grateful beyond expression. All that human skill and care can do for you in return, shall be done—but we can never hope to repay the debt we owe you."

"I am a thousand times repaid already, Colonel Brandon!" I managed to answer; and then everything began to swim around me, the fever-blood once more mounted to my brain, and my mind again wandered through wild scenes of trouble and delusion.

From that time, for many days, the Angel of Death hovered over me, and more than once I felt the chilling airs of his dark wings.

Though of myself I have no more recollection of what occurred between the bandits and the Regulators, I subsequently learned the facts, and shall proceed with my story as if I had remained an eye-witness of what I relate.

Though the desperadoes and Regulators in some degree became mingled together before the departure of the former, there was of course no friendly feeling between the parties, and many a glance of hate was exchanged. The villains, being the weaker party, were afraid to become the aggressors, and the Regulators were bound by their pledged words of honor to lift no hand against those they would gladly have taken out and hanged.

When Captain Sebastian, with his arms again at liberty, once more found himself mounted at the head of his men, with his beautiful daughter by his side, he asked permission to speak a parting word with Colonel Brandon.

"What is it, father?" inquired Flora, with an uneasy look.

"None of your business, girl!" was the savage answer. "I am not bound now, and will have neither advice nor dictation from you!"

Colonel Brandon, being informed that the bandit chief wished to speak to him, came forward, with several of his friends, to hear what he had to say.

"We meet to part," said Sebastian, with a black scowl, "and as each is bound by his agreement not to lift his hand against the other, I have no way of revenging myself for the injury you have done me; but I am free to say that I *hate* you, from the very depths of my soul, and that the time will yet come when I shall be even with you!"

"That you *hate* me," quietly returned the other, with his clear eye fixed upon the villain, "I consider as much of a compliment as if the devil had told me the same thing."

"If you have not a coward's fear in your breast, I should like to settle this matter now!"

"Oh, father!" exclaimed Flora.

"Silence, girl! or you shall feel the weight of my hand!" cried the furious father. "Remember, I am not bound now like a galley-slave!"

"Your language shows of what vile stuff your soul is made!" said Brandon sternly. "No father of a daughter who had risked her life to save his, would threaten her in such a manner, unless he were a vile coward at heart! for true courage has in it the nobility of manhood."

"Well, coward or not," cried Sebastian, "you dare not meet me with pistols, at either ten, fifteen, or twenty paces!"

"I certainly shall not meet you in honorable combat," returned Brandon quietly, "because you are not a gentleman."

"In this respect then we are equals—for I here denounce you, in the presence of your friends, as a dishonest, scheming coward!"

Here the friends of Colonel Brandon became much excited, and several angry exclamations were uttered, and several weapons raised in a threatening manner.

"Do not lift a hand against him, gentlemen," said the Colonel, "for we are pledged to let him go, with his vile crew! But hark you!" he pursued, turning to Sebastian, and giving him a look that made even his bold eye quail; "be careful, when once away, that you never cross my path again! Circumstances have saved you this time; but if ever you come within my power again, so sure as there is a God in Heaven you shall be hanged like a dog! I will use my influence to have your property confiscated, and yourself proclaimed an outlaw, with a heavy price set on your head! Now go; and thank the wife of your daughter, rather than your own, that the devil has not your wicked soul in keeping this day!"

For nearly a minute Sebastian sat glaring at Brandon, his teeth gnashing with rage and his fingers working convulsively; and then, uttering a sound, not unlike the howl of a wild beast, he turned, buried the rowels in the flanks of his horse, and dashed swiftly away, his men following him at the same break-neck speed.

Flora cast one wild, sorrowful look around, and, catching the eye of Ernest, said:

"Farewell! God help us!"

The next moment she was flying after the others.

"Now would I give fifty thousand dollars to cancel my pledge, that I might follow those villains!" said Colonel Brandon.

"Poor girl! poor girl!" sighed Ernest La Grange.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MY BOSOM FRIEND;

OR,

YANKEE FAIRIES AT WORK.

I had been reading to my little ones the legends of the Northern lands, in which, to tell the truth, I had taken as deep an interest as the open-mouthed young folks themselves.

When the children had gone to bed, I lamented that the belief in fairies had died out.

"Alas!" said I, "that they have vanished!"

"Weel, I no ken that," replied my Scottish friend McHaggis; "I'm a thinkin' there are as many giants and fairies in the worrld as ever there war! Gang yer gate to Waltham, as ye were a talkin' o', and if ye dlena see a lot o' fairies there, and if it is na a giant that carries ye there, ye ken say I'm wrang!"

"A giant carry me?"

"Aye, mon!" said the Scot; "what auld giants that ye e'er read o' can be mated wi' an engine?"

And so one day I placed myself behind the great giant of the nineteenth century—a locomotive engine—and went to the pretty rural town of Waltham, Mass.—a town famous "not for a day, but for *all time*," for here a pair of great steam giants turn the wheels that again turn the wheels that mark the time for a continent. It takes a four-acre lot to hold these giants—each with a hundred iron arms and a thousand steel fingers; and this four-acre lot is built within and without and overhead with brick and iron and glass, and is called "The American Watch Factory of Waltham;" and it was thereabout that McHaggis said I should find the fairies.

But the fairies of our day—that is, the Waltham fairies—are not like those we read of. They don't play silly pranks, for their every step is measured by the sun; and they have nothing to do with wings, but to mark the steady motion of those of old Father Time himself.

But to drop metaphor and come down to the practical, as well as the poetical part of this fairy hive of industry and order, let us walk through some of the long galleries of this fairy palace, and for guide and mentor we will take one of the managers.

"But first," said we to our guide, "will you please inform us how this great establishment originated?"

He informed me that the manufacture of watches by machinery is a distinctively American undertaking. For several generations a vast number of watches have been made in England, Switzerland, and France; but the component pieces have been made and finished by hand in different factories, and even in different provinces, with no direct relation to each other. Here in Waltham, on the contrary, a watch is created in all its wonderful harmony and exquisite beauty from the original and crude materials—the brass, the steel, the enamel, the gold, the unwrought jewels—under one roof and one supervision, by a mechanism that never tires and never varies.

The task of competing with Europe in the manufacture of watches seemed at first sight to be hopeless. Europe had the market, the reputation, two centuries of experience, and the cheapest of human labor. To make matters worse, there was free trade in watches. A petty tariff of only seven and a half per cent. was all the "protection"—nominal or real—that existed fifteen years ago to foster native enterprise and genius. Ingenious men conceived the idea of manufacturing every part of the watch, and of performing every process of manipulation, by a succession of machines, each of which should execute one function only, and then pass its work over to another piece of mechanism. The only duty left to man in this daring conception was to superintend the work of the iron slaves whom he had created, to carry their products from one to another, and to put the watch together after all its parts had been completed. The scheme was an ideal one; there were no such machines in existence; but the plan was seconded by capital, and, in 1853, the experiment was tried. At that time, although the chief parts of a watch were made by machines, there were still a large number of the pieces turned out by hand, and various important processes entrusted to manual skill, which are now done wholly by mechanism. The company of machines was quickly increased to a regiment, the regiment to a brigade, and now the brigade has become an army.

I asked how many watches were imported annually.

"Formerly about four million dollars' worth yearly," the manager said, "and it took about four millions more to make them go. At the present time, the English watch trade has nearly ceased, and the Swiss has greatly fallen off."

"How many watches," I asked, "are manufactured at Waltham now?"

"We turn out," said he, "at the rate of 250 a day, or 80,000 a year, of all varieties, from good to best."

I asked as to the number of hands employed.

"We average," he replied, "700 men and women; about one-third females."

"All Americans?"

"Nearly all," he answered; "we have a few foreign workmen in the different departments, but nearly all the employes are native born, and mostly New England men. Waltham and its neighborhood supply most of the females, and many of these are among the most skillful and valuable hands we have. We pay good wages, and require intelligent operatives. The situations are soon filled. You will see how we keep the factory; we intend that every room shall be as clean, comfortable, and pleasant as a parlor, and that is one reason why we always secure first-class help."

There is hardly any *work* in the factory. Iron muscles do everything of that sort. All that the operatives are needed for, after the machines are made, is to watch and guide them.

THE FAIRIES' HOUR.

We now requested that he would show us something of the factory.

"With pleasure," he replied. "To begin at the beginning, here is the engine-room where four boilers of 80 horse-power drive the two huge genii that in turn drive a little army of iron fairies all day long to their several tasks. No sunning wee body of a screw-maker or a pivot-polisher so made that it can stop and waste its time in playing while these early old genii in their dens are busy."

Dens! Why, is this neat room, which has its wall adorned with a portrait of Lincoln (decorated with Union flags), and many pretty devices, and which, under its window that looks out on a green lawn, has several dozens of thrifty conservatory plants growing in pots—is *this* the Engine House? Sure enough, this is the place. There, sullen and silent, but beautiful, lies the grim power which drives half of the factory fairies at work! Let us go up stairs. This long, clean room, filled with lathes and machinery, but neither odorous nor noisy, although the hum of mechanical and human industry never ceases in it—this is the basis of the whole factory: the machine shop. It is 165 feet long, and thirty first class mechanics are kept at work in it, only in making and repairing the machines and tools which are without exception of the best and costliest character. Like all the rooms, this is light and pleasant. But in the next room—to use the words of the excellent Richard Swiveller—there was a staggerer. It was a little side room. It had a floor clean as any, walls entirely undisfigured with smoke, neat stalls and shelving for the assortment of steel and iron, and—I pinched myself to see whether I was asleep or awake—nice white curtains hanging at the windows. It was the blacksmith's shop! There were the forges, and the trip hammers, and the anvils, but there were those curtains. I felt that civilization was no longer a problem. The anvil and the Athenæum are wooing.

FAIRY WORKMANSHIP.

"Look!" said my guide, "what do you suppose those are?"

He held up a little vial, such as homœopathic globules are kept in, which was filled with what seemed to be grains of coarse sand of the color of blue tempered steel.

I placed one of these grains under a microscope, and it proved to be a perfect screw.

"Now," said he, "you may note that it takes 300,000 of these screws to weigh a pound, and that they are worth from $3,000 to $5,500 a pound."

Again, they showed me a microscopic bit of steel, the points of which, under a glass, appeared to be exquisitely polished.

I took up a couple of screws and the balance-staff by wetting my finger, and put them carefully into a piece of paper.

"Not that I wish to make you think that you are taking valuable property," said the manager, "but how much do you suppose that stuff is worth?"

The foreman made the calculation.

"They are worth $20,000 a pound," he said, "or about 25 cents a piece. The screws are worth a dollar and a quarter a hundred. It takes fifty-two of them to weigh a grain!"

"Well," said I, "if they cost so much, how do you make watches so cheap?"

"The use of machinery to its utmost limit, and the division of labor as far as possible accounts for all," rejoined the manager. "Every machine in the factory does one thing only, and it can do nothing else. But it does that one thing incessantly, with incredible rapidity and with unvarying accuracy. Thus, all our watches of one style are precisely alike in all their parts. It is imperative that the watch should be entirely made in a single factory and under one superintendence. Now foreign watches—the cheaper sort—can have only a relative similarity. They are made in parts everywhere, and get together in Geneva and Paris and London. There are not a score of Parisian watches made in Paris any year. The pieces are made in the rural districts or in Switzerland, and they are sent on to Paris to be fitted together. Many of the English watches are made in the same way—ready manufactured on the continent, and put up in London. There is no great watch factory anywhere, excepting ours, where all the processes are conducted and the movements adjusted under the same roof. We produce a greater number of watches than any other establishment in the world."

"Are you quite sure?" I asked, "that this is the largest factory in the world?"

"There is no question of it," the manager replied, "and what is more, I am told we made more watches in Waltham last year than were made in all England."

FAIRY WORKSHOPS.

This is the press room. It is filled with presses, punches, dies, and rolling and slitting machines. Here long, thin ribbons of steel are passed under a die, which descends with a regular motion, and cuts out at a balance wheel at every blow.

In the next room, the blanks—as the rough pieces are called—are prepared for advancement. The barrel blank is a wheel about three-fourths of an inch across, and 3-16ths of an inch thick. It is put on a lathe. Round and round it spins with great velocity, rubbing its rough edges against a series of immovable sharp tools which polish off its coarseness; make it thin and smooth; turn out a chamber for the main spring; drill a hole in the centre to receive the barrel arbor, and turn a flange on the outer edge in which the teeth are cut. All this is done in a twinkling—faster than you or I could describe it in short hand. This machine sets itself.

The barrel is now taken to the dentist's—to have its teeth cut. It is placed in position. Quickly a little chisel spins on a cylinder, cut, cut, cutting as it "swings round the circle," and presently its sixty teeth are finished—all exactly uniform and equi-distant. This cutter is a sapphire ground down to the proper size and form by diamond dust and oil, and then fastened into a little wheel or disk. No other material could stand the wear and tear of eating all day long into this hard brass and steel.

Here, in another room, a little machine is splitting out screws, so small that you cannot see their threads.

What you do see at the first glance is a thin thread of steel, finer than the most delicate of pins, slowly pushing its way through a little hole in a machine, and being grasped by a tiny tool which runs round it, as if embracing it; and then, presto! change! out comes a knife and cuts off its head. All this is done so quickly that you have to wait and watch the operation, *after* you know what it is all about, before you can see the process I have described. The bits thus beheaded with a hug look exactly like little grains of powder. But they are screws. You notice that when you take a microscope and examine them. They are complete—*almost*. Not quite yet. The girl picks them up, one by one, with a dainty tool, and places them in rows, one in every hole, in a flat piece of steel. This little plate, as soon as it is filled, is placed under another machine, and it would do any Irishman's soul good to see *it* work. It beats Donneybrook Fair "all hollow." I had never a more convincing proof of the superiority of the mechanical over the manual labor. For a while a good hearty man with a stout bit of shillelah may break half-a-dozen heads of a day,—with fair luck,—this machine, without so much as saying by your leave," comes out of its hole, and runs along each row, quietly splitting the head of each one of them exactly in the centre. And now the screw is made.

Just this way is the jewel-room, with rubies and sapphires neatly arranged in glass vials, and in another apartment the acclimating process is conducted. There is something like a large safe built into the wall, which is full of little drawers. Pull out the one on the right side, and put in your hand and you feel that the air is hot. On the left, the air is icy. Watches are first put in the tropical and then in the arctic zones, until they become citizens of the world. Then, to accustom them to the ups and downs of practical life, they are put away in other drawers and tested in different positions. One stands on its head for a day, when it is suddenly reversed; but no sooner does it become accustomed to that than it is laid flat on its back.

I examined the watch-case rooms. Every case is composed of more than thirty parts. In the lower rooms the bars are melted; and,—to be brief,—after a great variety of processes up stairs and down, they are rapidly turned out, the models of beauty and elegance that we take to our homes and our bosoms. The different parts are soldered together under little tin French-like roofs, which extend along the benches and prevent the room from being begrimed with smoke. Workmen, after tying two parts together with wires, fuse them by suddenly lighting up a tube, almost exactly like a snake, which instantly spits out a stream of fire, and plays on the detached parts until they are welded—"now and forever, one and inseparable."

I saw a hundred curious processes that I have no room to describe, and what I have written must be taken only as an outline sketch, not at all colored, of a wonderful picture of genius, applied to the development of mechanical skill—I saw the delicate steel nerve and brass muscle into which, by-and-by, the breath of life is to be breathed, until it beats true time in the passionless ruby heart of the perfect watch,—every tiny bone and invisible joint is fashioned by these muscles made visible,—polished, welded, and perfectly adjusted, as by no human hand! They were merely passed, in pretty trays, by skilled hands to infinitely more skillful mechanisms,—going as it were from nursery to school, from school to college, and from college to humanity; until, after a hundred private tests, and public examinations not a few, they are finally put together, a diploma or guarantee that they will do their duty is given to each of them; and then they are sent to mark their perfect measure of the passing hours.

Who shall say that the American Watch Co. of Waltham, Mass., is not one of the fairy workers of the century?—*Boston Advertiser.*

☞ The body of a woman who had been buried in the Pittsford, Vt., burial ground for twenty-five years was some time since exhumed for the purpose of placing the remains in another part of the ground. Upon opening the grave it was found that the remains were entirely petrified and perfect in every part, representing a stone statue of about the color of fresh burnt lime.

☞ There are three thousand pauper gentlemen in New York who live by begging and borrowing.

The Sky a Drinking Cup.

The sky is a drinking cup
That was overturned of old,
That down upon us pours
Its wine of airy gold.

We drink the wine all day,
Till the last drop is drained up,
And are lighted off to bed
By the jewels in the cup.

☞ The thieves of Madrid make such extensive use of the sewers in obtaining an entrance into houses that a subterranean police force has been organized.

☞ The Lorain (Ohio) county News says that "the young ladies of this place walk on their tip-toes, and can't help it, as the waterfalls on the top of their heads draw up their back hair so tightly that they can't put their heads down squarely without great pain."

☞ A curious case, it is stated, is about to be submitted to the French law courts. A gentleman ordered some books to be bound in costly style, and ornamented on the cover with the "arms of France." To his disgust (he is evidently not a Bonapartist) they were sent back with the arms which the Empire uses. He refused to pay, on the ground that the "arms of France" are the lilies. The binder maintains that though they were so formerly, they are so no longer.

☞ A great amateur bull fight took place at the City of Mexico on the 13th of January, which was originated for the laudable purpose of replenishing the coffers of the Hospital de Pobres. Four thousand of the *elite* of the city, including ladies, were present, and the flower of the youth of Mexico joined in the sport. Eight bulls were successively brought in and tortured to death or disabled, amid the cheers of the multitude. About $8,000 were realized from the enterprise.

☞ A German Count is under arrest in Louisville, Ky., for marrying three women there, two in Baltimore, and an entire brigade in New York. The papers say he had "wife on the brain."

☞ They are cutting their coal by machinery in England.

☞ A young Hibernian being asked if he intended taking a lass with him to the theatre, replied, "If he went by himself he should; but if he went with any one else he should not."

☞ A correspondent of the Country Gentleman says that the yield of potatoes in Salem county, N. J., has decreased in that section during the last twenty years, from 200 or 300 bushels per acre, to 50 or 75.

☞ The United States has the most beautifully designed bank notes, and the worst-looking coinage in the world.

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible As a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

mar 16-eow-tf

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—FALONS.—This painful endemic complaint is rapidly extinguished after a few trials of the above balsams; in no one instance have they failed to complete their cure. Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—There is little or no demand. Sales about 500 bbls at from $8.50@9 for superfine; $9,50@10,50 for extra; $12,50@13.50 for low grade and fancy North-West extra family; $12@14.50 for Pennsylvania and Ohio family; and $15@17,50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour sells in a small way at $7,75@7,50 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—There is very little prime Wheat coming forward. 2000 bus fair to good Pennsylvania red sold at $3@3,15; 3000 bus prime do at $3.25; 2500 bus Southern red at $3,20@3,25; lots of Pennsylvania and Southern white at from $3.25@3.30 ₩ bus. Rye—5000 bus Western sold at $1,45@1,50, and 300 bus Pennsylvania at $1,55@1,57 ₩ bus. Corn—20,000 bus new yellow sold at $1,10@1,15. Oats—25,000 bus sold at 66@70c ₩ bus.

PROVISIONS—The demand is limited. Small sales of new mess Pork are making at $23.50@24; prime mess at $22,50, and prime at $18,50@19 ₩ bbl. Mess Beef—We quote western at $17@20, and city packed at $22.50@23 ₩ bbl. Beef Hams are quoted at $41@42 ₩ bbl. Bacon—Sales of 200 casks hams and fancy canvassed Hams at 15@18c; Sides at 12½@13c, and Shoulders at 11@11½c ₩ lb. Lard—Sales of bbls and tes at 13@13½c ₩ lb, and kegs at 14@15c. Butter—Small sales are making at 16@20c for roll, and 10@18c ₩ lb for solid packed. Cheese is selling at 17@19c ₩ lb for New York factory. Eggs sell at 22@25c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—The demand is limited. About 800 bales of middlings sold in lots at 29@30c for Uplands, and 30@31½c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—Flat No. 1 Quercitron is in demand at $60 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—Sales of yellow at 39@40c ₩ lb.

COAL—The market is dull. We quote white ash at $4,50@5, and red ash at $4,75@5,50 ₩ ton, as to quality.

FEATHERS—Sales of prime western at 80@85c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—Dried Apples—Sales of Southern are reported at 8@9c, and 6000 lbs of Western at 8½@9c. Dried Peaches range at 16@16½c for halves; 14@15c for quarters, and 36@37c for pared.

HOPS are in fair demand. Prime now sell at 60@70c, and fair to good at 40@50c ₩ lb.

IRON—Sales of No 1 Anthracite at $41@42 ₩ ton; No 2 at $40, and forge at $37.50 ₩ ton. Scotch Pig moves slowly at $42. Manufactured iron is firmly held, but the demand is limited.

SEEDS—Cloverseed, 1000 bus sold in lots at $10,25@10,50 for fair to good, and $11@11.50 ₩ bus for prime, as to quality. Timothy, 500 bus sold at from $3,25@3,50. Flaxseed sells at $3@3.05 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—N E Rum sells at $2,70@2,75 ₩ gallon.

TALLOW—Sales are making at 11@11½c for city rendered, and 10½@10¾c ₩ lb for country.

WOOL—The market is more active. About 200,000 lbs sold at from 62@65c for double extra; 59@60c for extra; 57@58c for fine; 50@55c for medium; 48@50c for coarse; 45@50c for good tub washed; 50@55c for fair do; 45@46c for extra Western pulled, and 32 up to 44c ₩ lb for No 1 Western pulled, as to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1300 head. The prices realized from 17@18 cts ₩ lb. 800 Cows brought from $30 to $70 ₩ head. Sheep—5400 head were disposed of at from 9@9½ cts ₩ lb. 3300 Hogs sold at from $11,50@12 25 ₩ 100 lbs.

$30,000.

FOR A FORTUNE, AND NO DECEPTION.

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Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.

Twenty cents for each additional insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 28th of March, by the Rev. Wm. Cooper, D. D., CHARLES R. LANGDALE to Miss MARY A. POTTER, both of this city.

On the 29th of March, by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, Mr. CHARLES W. BURNITE, of Harrisburg, to Miss MARY L. STEPHENS, of this city.

On the 30th of March, by the Rev. Alfred Cookman, Mr. SAMUEL YATES, of Elkton, Cecil county, Md., to Miss LOUISA SCHRACK, daughter of Abr'm Schrack, Esq., of this city.

On the 31st of Feb., by the Rev. Thos. Murphy, Mr. FERDINAND EVERTS to Miss ANNIE WATSON, both of Frankford.

On the 5th of March, by the Rev. G. W. Lybrand, Mr. GEORGE W. SINGLETON to Miss ANNA M. ALBRIGHT, both of Lancaster city.

On the 31st of Feb., by the Rev. R. Jeffrey, D. D., CHARLES C. SMITH to ANNA R. APPLE, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 2d instant, JAMES ANDERSON, Sr., aged 70 years.

On the 1st instant, Mr. JAMES W. LUMBERT, in his 50th year.

On the 1st instant, CHARLES P. WILCOX, in his 23d year.

On the 31st of March, SAMUEL KELLEY, in his 83d year.

On the 31st of March, HANNAH, wife of Reuben Hall, in her 57th year.

On the 31st of March, Mr. JOHN ADAMS, Sr., in his 68th year.

On the 30th of March, THOMAS FLYNN, in his 61st year.

On the 30th of March, Mrs. ELIZABETH B. DENNY, aged 65 years.

On the 29th of March, Mr. BENJAMIN STEVENSON, in his 45th year.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

SPLENDID INDUCEMENTS FOR 1867.

The proprietors of this favorite monthly, beg leave to call the attention of their patrons and the public to their splendid arrangements for the coming year. Preserving all their old and valued contributors, they have now on hand, in addition to shorter stories and sketches, the following novelets, which will appear successively:

ORVILLE COLLEGE,

A new story by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "The Channings," &c., &c.

HOW A WOMAN HAD HER WAY.

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, author of "Told by the Sun," &c.

NO LONGER YOUNG.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "In Trust," &c.

DORA CASTEL.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Mrs. Wood writes that her story will run through the year. It will begin in the January number.

These will be accompanied by numerous shorter stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Reemer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its pages.

The Fashions, Fancy Work, &c.

A Splendid double page finely colored Fashion Plate, engraved on steel, in the finest style of art, will illustrate each number. Also other engravings illustrating the latest patterns of Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

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This similarity in structure reduces the cost of production; it secures uniformity in results; it *infallibly* perpetuates any excellence that may be once achieved, and makes it easy to repair any injury sustained, or replace any part that may be lost or destroyed.

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PENN. RAILROAD COMPANY.

OFFICE OF THE GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT, ALTOONA, PA., 15th Dec., 1866.

Gentlemen:—The watches manufactured by you have been in use on this railroad for several years by our engineemen, to whom we furnish watches as part of our equipment. There are now some three hundred of them carried on our line, and we consider them good and reliable time-keepers. Indeed, I have great satisfaction in saying your watches give us less trouble, and have worn and do wear much longer without repairs than any watches we have ever had in use on this road. As you are aware, we formerly trusted to those of English manufacture, of acknowledged good reputation, but as a class they never kept time as correctly, nor have they done as good service, as yours.

In these statements I am sustained by my predecessor, Mr. Lewis, whose experience extended over a series of years. Respectfully,

EDWARD H. WILLIAMS,
General Superintendent.

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LOCOMOTIVE DEPARTMENT, WEST. DIVISION, ROCHESTER, Dec. 24, 1866.

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Yours respectfully,

CHARLES WILSON, *G. Chief Engineer*,
Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.
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The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached directly by the cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway. Those of the Chestnut and Walnut Street Railway run within one square of it.

ON SUNDAYS—The Market Street cars leave Front and Market Streets 35 minutes before the departure of each train.

MANN'S BAGGAGE EXPRESS will call for and deliver Baggage at the Depot. Orders left at the Office, No. 631 Chestnut Street, will receive attention.

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	A.M. & 11.30	P.M.
FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS	at 12.00	M.
PARKESBURG TRAIN	" 1.00	P.M.
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LANCASTER ACCOM.	" 4.00	"
PITTSBURG & ERIE MAIL	" 9.00	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	" 11.00	"

Pittsburg and Erie Mail leaves daily, except Saturday.

Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

Passengers by MAIL TRAIN go to Williamsport without change of cars, and arrive at Lock Haven at 8.10 P.M.

Passengers by MAIL TRAIN go to Carlisle and Chambersburg without change of cars.

Sleeping Car Tickets can be had on application at the Ticket Office, 631 Chestnut Street.

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CINCINNATI EXPRESS	at 12.50	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	" 7.10	"
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	A.M. & 7.10	P.M.
PARKESBURG TRAIN	at 9.20	A.M.
LANCASTER TRAIN	" 12.40	P.M.
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DAY EXPRESS	" 5.50	"
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Philadelphia Express arrives daily, except Monday.

Cincinnati Express arrives daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

Passengers leaving Lock Haven at 7.00 A.M., and Williamsport at 8.40 A.M., reach Philadelphia, without change of cars, from Williamsport, by Day Express, at 5.50 P.M.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

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HARTFORD, CONN., Nov. 11, 1866.

Messrs. THOS. ALLCOCK & Co.—Please send, with dispatch, twelve dozen Allcock's Porous Plasters. Our daily experience confirms their very superior excellence. At this moment of writing a man applies for one, who, by entanglement in the shaft of machinery, had both his legs broken, spine severely injured, and was for nearly a year entirely helpless. This man found relief very soon by the application of a plaster to his spine. He was soon enabled to work, and now he labors as well as ever. He would cheerfully pay $5 for a single Plaster if they could not be had at a lower rate. I am surprised that surgeons do not make use of these perforated plasters to the exclusion of all others, as their flexibility and adhesiveness are greatly in advance of all other plasters with which I am acquainted; while the perforations peculiar to them rendered them greatly superior to all others for ordinary surgical uses. Knowing the plasters to be so useful, I have no scruples that my sentiments should be known.

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So may the ladies of their beauty, when the mirror shows them their once jet or golden ringlets streaked with grey. But never was there a more

False Conclusion.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

WHAT SHE SAID.

"O, I recall her tone," said Tom,
"As sweet as any forest bird's;
The thrush she might have learned it from,
And after fashioned it to words."

"How blest a man," cried Ned, "you are!
Such charms the coldest heart would woo;
Last eve, I watched you from afar—
You sought her door—I envied you!"

"Indeed," said Tom, "I fancied not
You watched my step—'twas after dark.
But she—O ne'er shall be forgot
Her simple and her sole remark!"

"What did she say?" cried ardent Ned.
"Ah," Tom replied, with twinge of pain,
"'Twixt you and me, she—well, she said,
'Thomas, you needn't come again!'"

Completely Sold.

As the Citrehelle train was on its downward trip to Mobile, on the first of April, an incident occurred that caused no little amusement to the passengers. As the train was approaching Eight Mile Station, a lady quite elegantly attired, with a lovely bouquet of wild flowers in her hand, and face concealed from view by a handsome veil, was discovered standing on the platform. The train was ordered to stop, of course, to take in the fair passenger—and stop it did. The gallant conductor immediately jumped out upon the platform, and cried out, as usual,—"All aboard!" at the same time raising his hat and politely extending his hand to help the lady aboard. She, however, did not recognise his gallantry, but stood dumb and motionless as a statue. The astonished conductor advanced, involuntarily raised the veil, when lo! instead of a face of female flesh and beauty, the words, "April fool," inscribed on a black "light-wood chunk," met his astonished vision. He started back, gave the signal to be off, with an unusual violence, jumped aboard, exclaiming to the innocent engineer in a stentorian voice,—"Who the mischief told you to stop here?"

A Respectable Family.

The managers of one of the Paris theatres recently required an ass for a fairy piece. The animal performed his part with brilliant success for a fortnight. The thirteenth night the milkman who furnished him failed to bring him. Messengers were sent; he refused to come. At last the manager and author of the piece went to the milkman to press him to bring the ass to the theatre. "No, gentlemen," replied the milkman, "I'm not going to let my jackass go on the stage again. I did not let father and mother know I had introduced our jackass to public life; but, Lord 'a mercy, if everybody in Paris aint talking about our jackass, and all my kinsfolk, even my father-in-law, are reproaching me for what I have done; because, gentlemen, I belong to a respectable family, and we have never before had *artistes* in our family."

If there be any one who doubts that Gen. Grant is "human," let him bend his faculties to a consideration of what is thus related by a telegraph operator in Louisville:

During the siege of Vicksburg the General often went around the lines on foot, usually in citizen's dress, unaccompanied by staff or orderly. On one occasion, wishing to obtain a better view of the rebel works, he ascended a signal tower. The guard, not knowing the General, ordered him down in language more expressive than elegant. The General paid no attention to the summons. The guard remonstrated with him, saying it was a very dangerous place on account of sharp-shooters. After taking another survey Ulysses descended and went his way. A soldier who knew the General spoke to the guard, telling him who the visitor was. The guard ran and overtook the General, and apologized for the language used. The General, without uttering a word, drew out a plug of "navy" from his pocket, handed it to the guard, saying, "It is all right—*take a chew!*"

He Never Told a Lie.—A Rochester urchin unconsciously perpetrated a great joke at the expense of his teacher, the other day. The lady was announcing to her pupils the holiday on the twenty-second of February, and asking them some questions concerning its observance, among others, why the birthday of Washington should be celebrated more than that of any one else.

"Why," she added, "more than *mine?* You may tell me," she said, to a little fellow eager to explain.

"Because," he exclaimed, with great vivacity, "because he never told a lie."

Not Rude.—The Duke of Nassau, while walking on the banks of the Rhine, near Mayence, asked a boatman whether the river continued to rise.

"You stupid donkey!" replied the boatman, "you have been walking an hour here, and ask me whether the water rises!" The duke walked away laughing.

"Do you know whom you have been talking to?" asked another boatman of the first.

"No; who was he?"

"Why, it was the Duke of Nassau."

"Well, I am glad I was not rude!" was the complacent rejoinder.

The Brown Family.—A gentleman has told the Buffalo Advertiser that on a recent trip from San Francisco to New York he had some fellow passengers by the name of Brown. This family came originally from California, but had resided at different times in Nebraska and Nevada. Besides the old gentleman and his wife, there were three daughters, named respectively, Nebraska Brown, California Brown and Nevada Brown. Mrs. Brown would frequently say to her eldest daughter,—"Come here, Nebraska, and bring California and Nevada with you,"—at which the other passengers chose to "laf."

Washing His Own Sheep.—A piquant correspondence has just passed between two clergymen in a city where considerable religious awakening has taken place. In substance the correspondence ran as follows:

Baptist to Methodist Clergyman.—Dear Brother: I shall baptize some converts to-morrow; if any of your converts prefer to be baptized in our mode, I shall be happy to baptize them as candidates for your church.

Methodist to Baptist Clergyman.—Dear Brother: Yours received. I prefer to wash my own sheep.

That Charming Gal with the Blue Feather (to Prize Canary).—"Sweety, dear!"
Impudent Comic Man (from the other side of pedestal).—"Yes, ducky!"
[Utterly ruining the hopes, and taking the wind out o' the sails of his tall friend (serious man), who had been spooneying about her all the afternoon, and thought he had made an impression!

Advice Gratis.

Chimney on Fire. Remedy and conduct.—If your chimney should ever be on fire, wrap yourself up in a damp blanket and swallow a quarter of a pound of hot water.

Hysterics.—If any one goes off into hysterics, knock him down and pump on him: take off his shoes and hit him with them several times behind the ears.

In the case of a lady, prepare to throw a mixture of sweet oil and soot over her dress. This will have the desired effect.

Butter Scotch.—Receipt. Take an ugly Highlander. This will serve for the "Scotch." Tell him he's the handsomest man you ever saw. This will butter him. And the thing is done.

Cure for a Cold.—Take two quarts of anything you like, rub in with soap and water, stir briskly and let some one stand for five minutes while you're doing it. Then to bed, if it's time.

How to tame a Savage Mastiff who bites every one and eats children.—Take out his teeth.

At a Sabbath-School "Concert," held in one of the prettiest towns in Western New York, a portion of the exercises consisted in each scholar repeating a verse of Scripture in which should be found the word *love*. When it came to the turn of Miss J., a beautiful young lady of eighteen, and "in the market," she was unprepared with an answer; but before the exercise was concluded she remarked to her teacher that she had found the verse. It was, "I love those who love me, and those who seek *me early* shall find me." Excellent girl that!

DEEP EYES.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

Those eyes! those eyes!
O maiden, turn those eyes away;
My best ambition faints and dies
Beneath their gentle sway.
I list for Fame's loud trumpet call,
But idly sit and linger still,
A slave within the pleasant thrall
Of those deep eyes and thy sweet will.

Those eyes! those eyes!
While haunted by their lustrous gleam,
I care not to be great or wise,
And life seems like a dream.
The golden hours unnoted fly,
From idle night to idle day;
My books and pen neglected lie—
O maiden, turn those eyes away!

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Right Way.

In agriculture there is an art more necessary to be known in order to insure satisfactory success than are the requisites of any other calling, either commercial, professional or mechanical. There is, however, in all rural enterprise this advantage over every other profession or trade: To be a successful farmer, it does not need that one should serve a seven years' apprenticeship, or be in the start a mechanical expert, familiar with the handling of agricultural implements. A knowledge of the right way being first obtained, all other agricultural exigencies become subordinate to the will to do, and under all ordinary conditions success will be sure to follow energetic action.

In all branches of agricultural industry and enterprise, information as to the right way of performing all operations is so universally disseminated by means of printed books and reliable public journals, that ignorance in such as make or intend to make agriculture an avocation is inexcusable. Loud and long continued as have been the prejudiced protests of a lower order of agriculturists against book education, it is nevertheless a fixed fact that in this year of grace, 1867, so much of printed information is extant and within the ready reach of every one, that the man of ordinary intelligence designing to become a farmer, though without a day's practical experience, having all other requisites of success, may in a month's reading of agricultural books and papers so prepare himself for the new profession as enable him to carry on the enterprise successfully; and continuing his agricultural reading two years, will make him a better practical farmer than those who have slaved through half a lifetime of uneducated agricultural slavery. A series of seasonable hints as to the right way of doing several things may perhaps prove acceptable to several hundred readers.

The right way to secure a good stock and strong, vigorous growth of quince shrubs, currant and gooseberry bushes, is to make cuttings of last year's wood before the buds start much, clip off three or four inches of the top, and thrust the butt of the cutting into the ground where it is intended for them to remain, having the soil first dug over, disintegrated and properly manured. There will be a healthier growth and more abundant fruit than from rooted plants.

The right way to get the best cabbage plants for second setting out is to make the seed bed on the northwest side of some building or close fence, where the sun never shines. Enrich the surface with a compost of wood ashes, plaster, refuse salt and bone dust in equal parts, at the rate of a bushel to a square rod. Thin out the plants to induce a strong, stocky growth, and transplant when the stems are the thickness of a clay pipe stem.

The right way to head off millions of canker worms and several other sorts of "creeping things" inimical to fruit trees, that come up out of the earth and crawl up the trunks of trees during all the months of April and May, is to smear the trunks liberally with the sweet, sticky, refuse drainage of sugar, to be had for next to nothing at any of our sugar refineries. Mix caustic lime with the molasses, making it so thick that it will not run, and lay on liberally with a whitewash brush. Every climbing creeper bound up the tree will swamp in the molasses, stick fast and perish, while the application is in no way injurious to the tree.

The right way to secure a maximum corn crop—provided the season shall prove propitious—is to plough early, pulverize the soil thoroughly, manure liberally, and then wait for the sun to warm the soil, until at the depth of four inches from the surface a handful of it will feel as warm as a newly laid egg. Then plough, prepare and plant good seed of Oregon Dent, five grains in a hill, cover an inch and a half, running the rows both ways with the four cardinal points of the compass, so that early morning and late evening sun may shine in on the ground. Thin out to four stalks, cultivate carefully, and suffer not a weed to survive.

The right way to secure cucumber, melon, and all other sorts of vines from the ravages of striped bugs and divers other depredators, is to camp out among them cooped up hens with broods of young chickens. To secure rose bushes, currant and gooseberry bushes from the attacks of insect pirates, dust them over liberally early in the morning, while the dew is on, with fine dust from the road and wood ashes in equal proportions. To make garden peas bear long and best, sow them in deep drills on fine rich garden soil two inches deep, overlying a course of compost made of equal parts chicken guano, fine charcoal, wood ashes and plaster. Cover three inches deep, and sow along the rows lettuce, beets and radishes. These serve for early use, and shield the bare part of the pea vines from being sun burned.

Cane from the "Cane-Brakes."

In 1848, one day in wandering through one of the vast cane-brakes of the lower Mississippi country, in chase of a prowling panther, a companion—then scarcely more than a boy—son of the parish judge, said seriously and much in earnest:

"One day, if I live, I will teach people to turn these canes to better account than using a few for fishing rods."

Nothing was explained then or since, until very recently a communication from the southern swamps assures us that the early idea of our young friend has become a reality. The waste cane-brakes of lower Louisiana will be utilized and every acre made more valuable than the most productive sugar lands of the south. The same individual who was our companion in the panther hunt is now at work in earnest in the same cane-brake we were then traversing, converting the tall canes by a simple, cheap and expeditious method into a fine pulp, superior to that made from cotton rags, for paper making, as well as for filling mattresses, beds, cushions, and many other useful purposes. Steam performs the work wonderfully and well.

There is a cylinder boiler thirty feet long and four feet in diameter, having one head strongly hinged and closed with a lever latch. Then there is another high pressure boiler and engine, with a steam pipe attachment. The larger boiler is stuffed full of canes, run in butt end foremost, the latch head secured and steam at a high pressure is forced by the engine into the other end of the cylinder during the space of half an hour, by which time the pent-up canes are charged with compressed vapor, when in a wink a jerk of the lever lifts the latch, *zip* flies the hinged head wide open, and out shoot the surcharged canes like a rocket, the expansive force of the pent-up steam blowing them in a second into lint almost as fine and soft as sea island cotton.

What of the Wheat Crop?

Our report for all these eastern midland regions is still favorable. We have seen and inspected personally a good many fields and heard reliably from a great many more. Reports are, with very few exceptions, encouraging, while of the fields we have seen since the last fine storm, very few have suffered to any serious extent. Five or six in all we have seen, in which were conspicuous patches of winter kill, where the land was wet and required draining and the fields sown early in September, making a strong growth during the fall, with a corresponding mass of roots, which being snapped short off by the upheaving of a frozen hard crust, winter kill is an inevitable consequence. In samples gathered from several fields of early sown wheat, a microscopic examination shows snugly housed in the lower joint of the straw the *pupa* of our modern wheat fly, (not the Hessian,) and as the winter home of this pest is invariably in the first joint of the straw, all wheat sown so late as to make no joint, is safe from the summer attack of this grain scourge, while such as was sown so early as to make a strong growth, both upwards and downwards, has in some instances, as we have seen, suffered from winter kill, and several farmers who will persist in putting in their wheat in the early part of September may expect mischief from the fly. As a general rule, however, the promises of a superior wheat crop in all these regions east of the Alleghanies are as encouraging as any we have had at this season these ten years.

Gathered Grains.

——The Australians have on the way to New York a full cargo in a big ship of Australian wool. Object—to test the availability of our market.

——Last year Nebraska Territory raised more wheat, corn and stock, according to population, than any other State or Territory in the Union. One county alone has sold 80,000 head of cattle and 250,000 bushels of wheat since last July.

——The other day a 600 acre plantation, belonging to one of our old Alabama neighbors, sold for $600 at private sale. Pretty good buildings and as good land as any in the South.

——Florida has more than a million of acres of territory on which as good coffee as the best of Laguyra and as much per acre as can be grown in Brazil can be as easily produced as a crop of Indian corn. A company of capitalists are going to grow Florida coffee. They can do it at the rate of about 30 one hundred pound bags per acre.

RECEIPTS.

Chicken Panada.—Skin a fowl; cut it in pieces, leaving the breast whole; boil it in three pints of water till perfectly tender, pick off all the meat, and pound it finely in a mortar, and mix it with the liquor it was boiled in; rub it through a sieve, and season it with salt.

Ox-tail Soup.—Steep in cold water, for some hours, two ox-tails cut into bits; put them into a saucepan with four quarts of cold water, a bunch of sweet herbs, a dessert-spoonful of whole black pepper, three onions, two carrots, and one turnip; cover it closely, and when it boils skim it, and let it simmer for three hours, carefully take off all the fat; add a table-spoonful of vinegar and a half a pint of port wine. Take out the vegetables and herbs before serving.

Asparagus in Petit Fois.—These tops were broken in small pieces like peas, and put in a saucepan. Put in boiling water, with salt, and cook till three-quarters done. Always use the water as soon as it boils, for there is more alkali and gases in it then than afterward. As soon as done, put them in a colander and drain. A teaspoonful of butter and flour mixed on the fire. Put in a gill of the asparagus. Stir it. Then mix it in the asparagus. Salt and pepper to taste.

Potatoes in Salad.—Butter, vinegar, salt, pepper and chopped parsley. Slice hot potatoes, and turn them into a frying-pan in which there is a little butter. When fried take them off and spread over them the parsley mixture, and serve.

Spinach.—Throw them in boiling water, a little salt, and boil till tender. Chop it up. Add a spoonful of butter and stir, salt and pepper to taste, a little grated nutmeg, and stir. A table-spoonful of flour next, stirred well in. Then stir in a gill of broth.

Sauce for Pike and other Fish.—Half-a-pint of cream, two table-spoonfuls of walnut catsup, and one of essence of anchovy. Boil these together, and just before you take it off the fire, add a little butter, rolled in flour, and a little cayenne; stir all the time after the butter is added.

Snow Cream.—Put to a quart of cream the whites of three eggs well beaten, four spoonfuls of sweet wine, sugar to taste, and a bit of lemon-peel; whip it to a froth, remove the peel, and serve in a dish.

Conserve of Lemons or Oranges.—Grate the rind of a lemon or an orange into a saucer, squeeze the juice of the fruit over, and mix it well together with a spoon; then boil some sugar very high, mix it in, and when of a due consistency pour it into the moulds.

Macaroni Pudding.—Simmer an ounce or two of the pipe macaroni in a pint of milk, and a bit of lemon and cinnamon till tender; put it into a dish with milk, two or three eggs, but only one white, sugar, nutmeg, a spoonful of peach water, and half a glass of raisin wine. Bake with a paste round the edges. A layer of orange marmalade or raspberry-jam in a macaroni pudding, for change, is a great improvement; in which case omit the almond water ratafia, which you should otherwise flavor it with.

A Cure for Felons.—An exchange says—A poultice of onions, applied morning, noon, and night, for three or four days, will cure a felon. No matter how bad the case, splitting the finger will be unnecessary, if this poultice be used. We have seen it tried several times, and know that the remedy is a sure, safe, and speedy one.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 1, 11, 7, 8, is a Greek letter.
My 2, 7, 10, 12, is often welcomed by the farmer.
My 3, 3, 4, 6, 9, is part of the arm.
My 4, 7, 6, is a pronoun.
My 5, 8, 1, 12, is a town where a great miracle was wrought.
My 6, 3, 8, 5, is a water fowl.
My 7, 8, 10, 8, 9, means to turn.
My 8, 1, 2, is essential to life.
My 9, 11, 5, is a weight.
My 10, 12, 6, 7, 8, 6, 9, is a portion of time.
My 11, 5, 1, 11, 12, is a plant.
My 12, 11, 3, is an adverb.
My whole is the name of a beautiful village in western Pennsylvania.
Irwin Station, Pa. WM. H. MORROW.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a vegetable growing on trees;
My second closes or opens as you please;
My third belongs to almost all feet;
My whole is an insect you don't like to meet.
HAWKEYE.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. A town in Greece.
2. A domestic animal.
3. An article of wearing apparel.
4. A river in Europe.
5. A river in Europe.
6. A county in England.

My initials and finals form the names of two cities in England. L. E. CAMERON.
Pine Grove, Pa.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In a lever of the first order a weight of 2240 pounds acting at the distance of 3.9 inches from the centre of motion is found to balance a certain weight acting at 60 inches from the centre of motion. What is the weight when every inch of the lever is 2 pounds?
MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A sphere whose diameter is 20 inches is pierced by a cannon ball 10 inches in diameter, the ball moving in a straight line and its surface just touching the centre of the sphere. Required—the solidity of the part carried away by the ball. ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What part of a dog should be named to describe a certain condition of winter weather? Ans.—It's nose.

☞ Who was the first jockey? Ans.—Adam, for he was the father of the Race.

☞ Why is the letter S injurious to cider? Ans.—Because it makes our cider sour cider.

☞ At what age do pigs end their existence? Ans.—Sans-*age*. Or when they are 8.

☞ Why is snuff like the letter S? Ans.—Because it is the beginning of sneezing.

☞ What is the difference between a sailor who is ordered to the masthead and a gentleman's hat? Ans.—The one man's the top, and the other tops the man.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—"The Outlaw's Daughter, a tale of the South-West, by Emerson Bennett." CHARADE—Killimanjaro (kill—I—man—Jay—row.)
ANAGRAM—

"Among the pit-falls in our way
The best of us walk blindly;
So, man, be wary, watch and pray,
And judge your brother kindly."

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM, Feb. 2nd—2995 1-5 miles. Artemas Martin.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM, same date—4 hours, 3.05 minutes. Solution—the circle will be the figure whose "longest distance across shall be the shortest possible;" the area is 256000 from whence it is easy finding the diameter; then dividing the diameter by 5 we get the answer.—W. H. Morrow, 4 hours, 50 minutes, and 54 seconds.—H. B. Blackhead.

Answer to Augustus's PROBLEM, same date—361 spheres in the bottom layer, and 19 layers of spheres.—Delta and Augustus.

Answer to D. Diefenbach's PROBLEM, Feb. 9th—The first man 28 years; the second man 84 years; the third man 21 years; the fourth man 77 years; the fifth man 42 years. Sum of their ages 252, which is 11 times the age of the third, who is the youngest, (being 21 years) and 21 over.—D. Diefenbach; L. Sanders; W. J. Barret. First man 49 years; second man 63 years; third man 42 years; fourth man 77 years; fifth man 21 years.—J. Milton Smith.

Patience and Perseverance.

A young country lad, going out into the plough-field with his master for the first time, soon became tired of his work, and showed an inclination to stop. It was his business to drive the horses while his master held the plough. The latter thought it would be time enough to stop when dinner should be ready. So when they came to the end of the lot, as the master drew out his plough to put it in again, he quietly observed—"Another round, and then."

This went on for some time, the lad expecting every turn would be the last, until his patience was exhausted, and he replied—

"And what then, sir?"

"Why, then another," was the calm rejoinder.

And that is the way with all. The teacher must teach still another round, the scholar must learn still another,—"Let patience have its perfect work."